THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,

NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE, HUMOR, &c.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1860.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821.
WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 2053

TALK WITH THE SEA.

I said with a moan, as I roamed alone,
By the side of the solemn sea—
"Oh, cast at my feet, which the billows meet,
Some token to comfort me.
'Mid thy surges cold, a ring of gold
I have lost, with an amethyst bright.
Thou hast locked it so long in thy casket strong,
That the rust must have quenched its light.

"Send a gift, I pray, on thy sheeted spray,
To solace my drooping mind,
For I'm sad and grieve, and ere long must leave
This rolling globe behind."
Then the Sea answered, "Spoils are mine
From many an argosy,
The pearl-drops sleep in my bosom deep,
But nought have I there for thee."

"When I mused before, on this rock-bound shore,
The beautiful walked with me;
She has gone to her rest in thy heaving breast,
Since I saw thee last, thou Sea!
Restore, restore, the smile she wore,
When her cheek to mine was pressed,
Give back the voice of the fervent soul
That could lighten the darkest breast!"

But the haughty Sea, in its majesty,
Swept onward as before,
Though a surge in wrath, from its rocky path,
Shrieked out to the sounding shore—
"Thou hast asked of our king a harder thing
Than mortal e'er claimed before,
For never the wealth of loving heart
Could ocean or earth restore."

POPULAR DELUSIONS.

MESMER AND THE MAGNETIZERS.

The ridiculous pretensions of the astrologers were in some degree rivalled by the professors of animal magnetism, who declared that all diseases were curable by their mysterious art.

Paracelsus and Van Helmont industriously promulgated all kinds of magnetic and sympathetic cures, and made the most impudent assertions about the wonderful works which they pretended to have accomplished, charging those who declined to accept their statements with drowsiness, ignorance and obstinacy. The theory of the magnetizers was, that there existed among all bodies a certain magnetical or attractive agreement, a sort of sympathy between all natural things, and that a proper application of this principle led to the most astonishing results.

In the year 1639, a little book was published, under the title of "The Sympathetical Powder of Edricius Mohynus, of Eburo," in which wounds were said to be curable without the use of ordinary remedies. The writer professed to trace the cure to the sympathetic action of the stars, but other writers on the subject averred that the cure depended more on the directing will of the operator, than on astrological influence. Without wasting time in exposing the folly of either statement, we need only observe that any individual possessed of common sense will be convinced of the absurdity of the magnetizers' pretensions, by examining the *practical* parts of their system.

The magnet, or load-stone, was regarded as the main-stay of the magnetic system.—Helmont says that the back of the loadstone, as it repulses iron, so also it removes gout, swellings, rheumatism—likewise it prevents the cramp. Paracelsus says that a cure might be effected in various ways, but one specimen will suffice:—"Take a magnet impregnated with mummy, and mixed with rich earth; in this earth sow some seeds that have a congruity of homogenity with the disease; then let this earth, well sifted and mixed with mummy, be laid in an earthen vessel; let the seed committed to it be watered daily with a lotion in which the diseased limb or body has been washed. *Thus will the disease be transplanted from the human body to the seeds which are in the earth.*—Having done this, transplant the seeds from the earthen vessel to the ground, and wait till they begin to sprout into herbs; *as they increase the disease will diminish; and when they have arrived at their full growth, it will disappear altogether.*" Uldericus Balk declares that "if thou shalt enclose the warm blood of the sick in the white and shell of an egg, which is exposed to a nourishing warmth, and this blood, being mixed with a piece of flesh, thou shalt give to a hungry dog, the disorder departs from thee into the dog." Another writer tells us that "the root of the Carolina thistle being plucked up when full of juice and virtue, and tempered with the mummy of a man, will exhaust the powers and natural strength out of a man, on whose shadow thou shalt stand, into thyself." Again Paracelsus gives a receipt for curing wounds given with a sharp instrument:—"Take," says he, "of moss growing on the head of a thief who has been hanged and left in the air; of real mummy, of human blood, of each, one ounce; of human suet two ounces; of linseed oil, turpentine, and Armenian bole, of each two drachms; mix all well in a mortar, and keep the salve in an oblong, narrow urn." The method of cure was, to apply this salve, not to the wound, but to the weapon which caused the wound, simply washing the wound with cold water, and bandaging it with linen rag.

It is not necessary to offer any serious refutation to recipes when the ingredients are so abhorrent, partake so much of the delusion of magic, and the application of which was never made to the part affected. Who would be silly enough to imagine that he could draw out the gout with a loadstone, transfer rheumatism to a plant, rid himself of any disease by passing it over to a dog, acquire strength from standing in the shadow of a healthy man, or healing a wound by swaddling and anointing the knife which caused it? This last recipe of the weapon created much controversy when it first appeared; but as the wound was to be carefully cleaned every day, one writer says, surgeons at this moment follow exactly the same method, *except* anointing the weapon!

After causing much excitement and deluding a large number of people into a belief of their extraordinary powers, the magnetizers lost much of their popularity, which was, however, suddenly revived by Father Hell and Anthony Mesmer, about the year 1774. These men employed the loadstone as a cure for disease, and invented a mechanical contrivance of steel plates, which was applied to the body of the patient. Of these two, Mesmer is the best known. In 1766 he published a treatise on the "Influence of the Stars and Planets in the Cure of Disease." His publication was regarded only in the light of a reproduction of the doctrines of Paracelsus, Van Helmont, &c., and did not attract the attention which its author anticipated. Mesmer then gave out that he had restored the sight of a woman who had been totally blind for years; but when the matter was inquired into, the woman turned out to be still stone blind, which Mesmer declared was attributable to her own obstinacy! After the discovery of this obvious cheat, Mesmer thought it advisable to quit Vienna, and took up his abode in Paris, in 1778. There he began to excite attention. He taught that a universal fluid surrounded and penetrated all bodies, and was the first cause of all phenomena; that man could change the movements of this fluid, and augment or diminish the quantity in other individuals. He gave to it the name of the *Animal Magnetic Fluid*.

Mesmer established himself in Paris, and, surrounded by everything of the most costly and elegant description, received his patients, and found his reputation rapidly extending. In a large hall was an oval vessel, made of oak, for or five feet in diameter, and one foot in depth. Bottles, filled with magnetic water, well corked up and disposed in radii, were laid at the bottom of this vessel; water was poured upon them, and iron filings thrown in, to heighten the magnetic effect, after which an iron cover was placed over the vessel. This cover was called the *bagnet*, and was pierced with holes, through which iron rods were passed, to be applied to the bodies of the afflicted. The room in which the magnetic fluid was applied was decorated in the most tasteful manner; everything which could charm the eye, everything calculated to excite the imagination and arouse the sensibilities, was introduced; the mellow light fell through windows of stained glass; the air was loaded with perfume; the voices of an invisible choir, hired from the opera, were heard; otherwise a solemn silence prevailed, and the attendants moved about as if impressed by the responsibility of serving the mysterious Mesmer. All this was calculated to produce the intended effect on the weak, nervous and credulous crowds who attended his consulting rooms. On the delicate frames of sensitive women, the strange remedies used by Mesmer, no doubt, produced singular effects; but it was obvious enough that they were simply the effects which would be produced by any means which excited an over-wrought imagination, in a weak, nervous subject. Mesmer was incapable of acting on the strong-minded or able-bodied, neither could he operate on those who entertained doubts of his success. It was essential for the patient to resign himself entirely to the magnetizer, that he should disregard physics and metaphysics, remove all objections from his mind, and take for granted, as so many facts, all the assertions of the operator. Then, indeed, a temporary cure might be effected *on those who had nothing the matter with them, except an imaginary disease;* but those who were really suffering from severe maladies experienced no relief. The whole affair was a delusion. Those who *thought* they were ill, *thought* they were cured, and gave out that Mesmer cured them. The effects of imagination in these ways have been seen in thousands of cases before and since; even in some cases of real sickness, imagination will produce a beneficial effect. Who has not heard of the garrison at Breda (1625), cured of the scurvy by the supposed virtue of a drop of camomile decoction, in a gallon of water? And who, on the contrary, has not heard of the case where a stream of cold water was poured on the neck of a condemned criminal who was expecting the executioner's axe, and who died on the spot? The wonderful effect which the excited imagination exerts over the body is patent; and to this cause, and no other, the partial success of the magnetizers is to be ascribed.

MESMER AND HIS APPARATUS.

Mesmer professed to open the eyes of the blind, to impart strength to the paralytic, to heal all manner of diseases; but blindness, deafness, paralysis, severe cases of illness, were beyond his influence, and all he could do was to declare his patients obstinate and unbelieving. It is not within the province of this article to discuss the claims of modern mesmerism. That cures have been effected by its agency, is, to say the least, very probable—and that there is such a thing as is called "Animal Magnetism" is now generally admitted—though as yet it seems to be of very little practical value.

VIOLET;

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XIV.

Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom
Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round;
Her lips blush deeper sweets; she breathes of youth;
The shining moisture swells into her eyes,
In brighter flow; her wishing bosom heaves
With palpitations wild; kind tumults seru
Her veins, and all her yielding soul is Love.
—*Thomson.*

The dawn was breaking when Erle started from his bed, and pressing his hands on his temples, endeavored to collect his thoughts.

He walked to the window, and gazed out upon the scene yet scarcely visible; then he cast his eyes over his own figure, and discovered that he was attired as he had been the day previously.

Rapidly everything which had happened to him the night before recurred to him, and threw him into a state of great mental excitement. He remembered all up to the sudden vanishing of the female figure which had in such an awful and supernatural manner presented herself to his amazed eyes; beyond that—nothing.

How, or by what means, he had regained his own bed-chamber, he knew not, nor strain his brain as he would, could he recollect a single incident connected with it.

He had seen enough, however, to determine to see more, and his next visit to the ghostly old library he resolved should be that very morning, and in the light of day.

He was not superstitious; he did not believe in the indiscriminate wandering of perturbed spirits, but he did believe that there existed in heaven and earth more than was dreamt of in the world's philosophy.

It was not at Kingswood he had first seen visions. He had kept, boy as he was, midnight vigils when others slept. What he then beheld, what strange and mysterious visitations he had, he kept concealed within his own breast. But it was noted that when others spoke derisively of the spirits of the dead, the phantoms of those near and dear, who had departed from the world, he joined not in the mockery, but with a face grave and sad, would walk away, and remain alone for some hours.

He had a conception that he had a remarkable destiny and a mission. He imagined there were objects of far greater import to come. The events of his life had already been of a wild, strange, and improbable character, they had formed him to expect marvels, and he was prepared to seize every opportunity to meet with them. He considered that the occurrences of the night before were but an event half worked out, and he trusted to the day to complete what the night had left unfinished.

He yet clutched in his hand the quaint old Gothic key, and he persuaded himself, though he could not recall the circumstances, that he had intuitively closed the door he had unlocked with it, and pursued noiselessly the passages and corridors leading to the chamber he now occupied.

He prepared for another visit, changed his habiliments, and waited anxiously until the servants had prepared his breakfast and had retired with it.

As he was about to quit his room at a moment when he anticipated the servants would be occupied far from the quarter he intended to inspect, he was startled by the appearance of Pharisee, who stood at his elbow before he discovered him.

"Upon what errand do you seek me?" asked Erle, rather brusquely.

Only one fiery gleam shot forth from the valet's eyes, and he turned them upon the floor.

"I thought you would like to hear how Mr. Cyril is getting on," he exclaimed, in a smooth tone.

"Naturally," returned Erle, in a softer manner. "Has the fever of the brain abated?"

"Oh, yes," returned the valet; "he is quite himself again, as far as the brain is concerned; but he is very low and melancholy—so very reserved, so very unlike his usual frank, open manner."

"Indeed!" ejaculated Erle, with an air of surprise, which appeared to strike the valet as being something strange.

"It is even so," he rejoined; "and what both Lord and Lady Kingswood consider so remarkable is, that he emphatically declines to offer the slightest explanation of the circumstances which led to the ruffianly attack upon him. Perhaps you, sir, can throw some light upon the matter, as you were the first to discover him," he added, artfully.

"No," returned Erle, curtly and coldly.

"The gamekeeper fastens it all on the back of some poaching ruffian, who is one of the wonders of Kingswood Chase, known as Tubal Kish," continued Pharisee. He is constantly up to mischief, and though he is always lurking in the Chase, neither dogs nor men can catch him. There is quite an expedition of gamekeepers, beaters, and dogs off after him this morning."

"I hope they will catch him," observed Erle in a tone of indifference.

"I am sure I hope they may," rejoined the valet, with affected earnestness; and then added, abruptly—"You must be very dull here, sir."

"Very," responded Erle, emphatically. "I intend presently to take a stroll in the wood; and I shall proceed to it by the outlet of which I possess the key given to me by you."

"Ah!" replied the valet, with a creeping smile. "Yet a stroll in the wood is dull at best, I intended something very different to that."

"What do you mean?" inquired Erle, eyeing him curiously.

"I have some reason to believe that Lord and Lady Kingswood will shortly return to London, taking Lady Maud with them," responded the valet. "Mr. Cyril, probably, if well enough, will return to college. You, I think—I say, I rather imagine—will remain here alone throughout the winter season, and if you are dull now, what will you be then?"

Erle's brows slightly contracted.

"I can amuse myself," he said, in a frigid tone.

"But London is such a delightful, gay place," persisted the valet, in an insinuating voice, "all festivity, life, enjoyment, and pleasure. There are hundreds of young ladies lovelier than Lady Maud, and without her pride—"

"Silence, fellow!" interrupted Erle, in a haughty and indignant voice. "How dare you speak thus to me? What encouragement have I given to you to be thus impertinent? Pray confine your speculations to your own brain. At his own time, Lord Kingswood will no doubt confide his intentions to me. Leave me, I wish to be alone."

Pharisee's face changed to a saffron hue, and his features seemed to contract. Master, however, of his emotions, he bowed with affected humility, humbly begged pardon, and slunk out of the room, very much as if he was greatly abashed.

His real sensations were of a very different nature, a feeling of malicious resentment filled his breast, and he placed the disdainful rejection by Erle of his suggestion at the commencement of an account which he determined to settle.

Left thus alone, the impulse to renew his visit to the library returned again to Erle with irresistible force, and he hesitated for a moment only, ere he, with rapid step, made his way to the haunted wing as it was termed by the household.

As he entered the gloomy old sitting-room, he saw at a glance that it had not been entered by anyone since he quitted it, but he started on discovering that the black oaken door he had the night before opened, remained open.

He advanced into the narrow passage, which he could now perceive was intended for a secret communication, and closed the door behind him.

The darkness was as dense as the night before, but he quickly made his way to the end, and found the door which had admitted him into the library also open.

He reflected with mortification that he must on the previous night have fled back to his own room like a frightened deer.

He entered the library, and gazed around him with an emotion of awe. The light entered dimly through the diamonded panes, encrusted with the dust of centuries, and though every object was clearly visible, it caused a gloom to pervade the spacious chamber, which, added to the extreme stillness that reigned, communicated to it a strange air of solemnity.

He closed the second door which led into this ancient structure, and then turned his eyes slowly around him. Still in the same attitude, stood the white female figure which had so moved him the night before.

A blush of shame and humiliation burned on his cheek as he detected that it was a marble statue.

He hurried towards it, and examined it with great interest and admiration.

It was a fine specimen of sculptural excellence. The attitude was graceful, the figure sweetly proportioned, the drapery arranged with masterly skill, and the chiselling displayed high finish.

But it was the face which most deeply attracted his attention. Not so much that it was young, delicate, and lovely, but rather because its expression was so mournful, even though a sweet smile played upon the lips.

The features were like those of the portrait in the bed-chamber—singularly so. They resembled also—whose? He could not remember, yet they were fresh in his mind. He taxed his memory, but he could not readily succeed, and so gave up the investigation.

The figure stood upon a pedestal, on the front of which was a tablet, containing the words, in a line—"Ye Ladye Maude."

Beneath was the date 1555. Underneath were the words—"The Unavenged."

This statue Erle immediately conjectured to be that of the Lady Maud of whom Pharisee had spoken as having been the victim of the bad Baron of Kingswood, and he regarded it with an air of interest which almost amounted to fascination.

The motto, too, ran through his brain repeatedly, and, gazing upon the soft, sorrowful face, he wondered who should prove the avenger, and when the hour of retribution was to come.

At length he quitted the figure, with a sigh he could not repress nor account for, and advanced to one of the old cases in which the books were ranged. As he did so a faint cry caused him to direct his eyes to the further end of the apartment, and there he beheld another Lady Maud, standing in an attitude of unspeakable amazement and terror.

This time, however, it was a living, breathing Lady Maud, and he advanced with a slow, gliding step, towards her.

She sunk half-fainting upon a stool near to her, and he saw by the ashy whiteness of her countenance, that she was all but swooning with terror.

"Do not be alarmed, Lady Maud," he exclaimed, quickly, in a low, reassuring tone. "It is I—Mr. Gower."

She rose up and tried to smile, while she extended her hand to him, but her words died ere they reached her white lips.

"Pray be seated and recover yourself," he exclaimed. "This is a strange, gloomy old room, drear enough to scare any one. My presence here, I know, must have been very unexpected, but still, Lady Maud, I am real flesh and blood."

This was all said readily and fluently enough, and it had the desired effect, for Lady Maud drew a long breath, hid her face for a moment in her handkerchief, and then, looking in his eyes with a singular sweetness of expression in her own, she said, with a soft smile—

"I ought not to be alarmed at your presence; rather it ought to create within my breast at least a sense of protection. But—but—" She paused.

Erle urged her to proceed.

"Your appearance here is so sudden—so strange," she continued, with a perplexed voice. "I have been in the old library for some little time, I saw you not when I entered, I heard not your arrival, but raising my eyes—I cannot tell why—I beheld you confronting me."

"No wonder you imagined me to be a spectre," he returned, with a smile, and then added, frankly, "I possess, Lady Maud, perhaps unfortunately, a very active spirit of inquiry, a circumstance ministered to its cravings, and I have just discovered a mode of gaining access to this apartment by a communication which is evidently a secret one."

She regarded him with an expression of surprise.

"I have been in the habit of coming here for years," she replied, half musingly, "because I am fond of the strange old lore I find in some of the books here, yet I know of but one approach. That has long been disused. I—I do not think that any one but myself is acquainted with this taste of mine or my visits here. Indeed, I believe Lord Kingswood would scarcely approve of it. Yet I see nothing objectionable in it, and I often steal here for an hour in the morning. But, Mr. Gower, you did not enter by the same way as myself—you could not."

"I did not, Lady Maud," he replied.—"Nevertheless, I am very glad that we have met, and I am rejoiced that it should be here, for I am not fond of the society of strangers for whom one cares nothing. Here I can speak to you in earnest sincerity without the expression of my features being inquisitively examined or my words caught up by ears for which they were not intended. I am, in truth, Lady Maud, glad to see you again, for your presence here, and yet more your looks, assure me that you are nearly recovered from the effects of your perilous situation a few days back."

"Indeed, Mr. Gower," she said, with unreserved warmth, the tears springing into her eyes as she instinctively held out to him both her hands, which he as instinctively took, "I am glad to meet you, and, as you observe, here, because at least here I may indulge in the free expression of a grateful heart, and tender you, with the most fervid warmth, my best thanks for your noble efforts to save me. I wish you to be assured that the service, so high and so important as it proved, can never be effaced from my memory."

"Your gratefulness, Lady Maud," he returned, speaking in a rich and impressive tone, "pains even while it pleases me. I wish for no reward even of simple thanks for the part I played in what might have been the tragedy of the Chase. Yet I wish you to think well and kindly of me. I do not desire you to remember the service, yet I should be grieved if the event passed from your memory, for then I should be forgotten by you."

Lady Maud listened to him with downcast eyes, for his orbs so large, so brilliant, so eloquent in their expression, rested on her sweet face with a gaze too earnest for hers to sustain. But yet she listened to him with a quiet joy—that undemonstrative joy which perhaps, is the more delicious because it thrills the whole frame without making any outward sign.

She was pleased to hear these observations from his lips. She wondered why he wished her to think well and kindly of him. Did she not? Love is not of slow growth in young hearts. Still she could not understand why he should be so anxious that she should not forget him.

She raised her clear, innocent eyes to his.

"We are very new friends, Mr. Gower," she said. "I have rendered you no service. I have extended to you only common civility. Why do you wish me to think kindly of you?"

It was a point-blank question, and for the moment disconcerted him, especially as he discovered that he had possession of both her small white hands still.

He had no desire to part with them. It was felicity, indeed, to be honored by their gentle touch. Yet he was embarrassed at retaining them after their presence had forced itself abruptly upon him.

Possibly he turned pale and red by turns, and his voice might have been a little unsteady when he spoke, yet he answered more readily than might have been expected of him.

"We are new friends, Lady Maud, it is true," he said, still earnestly, "but we are friends—friends, I hope, in the acceptation of that word which alone makes friendship desirable or valuable. Until now I have had no friend in my view of the sentiment. I would not for worlds force my friendship on any created being, yet my heart yearns to have some one who would take more than a common interest in my life, who would sympathize with my disappointments, cheer me in my trials, and share in my happiness. We all, I presume, desire to stand favorably in the opinions of others, yet how much more anxiously do we wish this when it is a friend whose high estimation we covet! That, Lady Maud, is why I wish you to think kindly of me."

Once more Lady Maud's eyes sought the floor. Friend! It was a pleasant word, yet a cold one. She liked her cousin Cyril much, and he was a friend; yet it seemed to her that Erle had a stronger claim upon her good will even than Cyril, for he had saved her life, and the word friend did not seem to express sufficiently the distinction in her estimation of the two. Lord Kingswood was her guardian, and, of course, her friend, yet how could he and Erle stand in the same category in her esteem! Lady Kingswood, too, was her friend, but a smile curled her lip, and she did not care to pursue the investigation.

Well, it was a barren word that same friend. Still, the language gave her no other, and so she was prepared to accept it, and ratify it with her fair hand, when lo! she discovered that he still held both in the gentle pressure of his.

She was, in her turn, a little startled by the discovery, and slightly confused. In her confusion she pressed his hands, and then snatched her own hurriedly away, looking hastily and timidly round her, as if she expected to see Lord Kingswood gazing sternly, haughtily, and like a grim tyrant upon them both, but he was not there, so she said, in a trembling voice—

"Mr. Gower, I fear that I shall make but a poor substitute for such a friend as you need. In my sense the obligations of the word—if I properly comprehend its meaning—are boundless, and I am most likely to fulfil them very, very inadequately; yet—yet I wish you to believe that—I do not decline—that is, I am anxious to try—to attempt—oh, Mr. Gower, I am at a loss to convey my meaning. Only believe I am very grateful to you, and if that comprehends friendship, you are entitled to mine in its truest and sincerest spirit."

And she proved it by vanishing from the library with a sudden abruptness which prevented his offering to detain her.

Now the library looked gloomier, darker, drearier than ever. He wondered why she fled, and he felt disturbed that she should do so even while in the act of acknowledging that she would be to him that friend for whom his unfilled heart so longed. She was certainly embarrassed, perhaps she did not desire their relations should be of so close a nature; perhaps he had stepped beyond the limits of his position, for she was a lady of high birth, and he—

He turned as cold as death, and then to fever heat. He made a fiery, impatient gesture.

"I may seek her friendship on equal ground. I feel—I know I may," he cried, with sudden impetuosity.

Then he thought again that her manner would have betrayed her, if she was averse to the close intimacy of friendship, and she had been gentle, even tender, in her demeanor to him. But she had fled from him, and that perplexed him; and so he tortured and vexed himself, until, in despair, he gave up the attempt to work out a solution.

He examined some books, but he returned them to their places, and then, with light step, pursued the path she had taken, but he found a closed door to bar his progress, so he quitted the library, and wandered out into the Chace, thence back into his own rooms, and passing a sleepless night, together with a morning that seemed to crawl, he at length took an opportunity to return to the library. Lady Maud was not there.

He searched the recesses, he moved the massive draperies by the windows, as if in the hope that she had concealed herself behind some one of the hangings, and he should discover her, but she was not so hidden.

At length he took a book from one of the cases, and seating himself near a window, his eyes went over half a dozen pages line by line, but the eye of his mind saw only the form, the face, the sweet, smiling, gentle Lady Maud.

And he aroused as out of a dream, to find her before him, regarding him with a half-frightened, yet very friendly expression of countenance. He rose up and greeted her with a quiet but very earnest welcome.

"I did not think you would be here," she said, in a soft undertone.

"Nay, you could have been sure of my coming," he answered.

"Yet I quitted you so hastily yesterday. I did not say farewell, or even that I might come here again to look over these deeply interesting old books," she observed, not trusting her eyes to look in his face.

"Why, Lady Maud, did you quit me so suddenly?" he inquired, in the same subdued, musical voice.

He asked such questions! Lady Maud's cheek burned. She felt something like a culprit accused of a high misdemeanor, and she really did not know why.

"I do not know, Mr. Gower," she at length replied, with a sudden frankness. "Lady Kingswood scolds me at times for a want of self-possession. I suppose my fault prevailed over my courtesy yesterday. Do you forgive me?"

With a smile Erle offered his hand, and she accepted it for an instant and for a touch. Somehow that shaking hands appeared a very formidable ceremony, though it was a mere testimony of friendship.

Then they proceeded to converse on various topics, and in a more easy style than before. Lady Maud gave him much information respecting the relations between herself and Lord and Lady Kingswood and also Cousin Cyril. She spoke in warm, high, praiseful terms of the latter; of his generally happy, cheerful disposition; of his truthful and noble spirit. Yet she spoke in such a tone that Erle was pleased with her eulogiums.

And he told her of his early days at school, of his lonely isolation, of his high hopes, his gorgeous dreams, his speculative theories, and his ambitious yearnings. She listened with deep interest to his glowing words, and to his fervid eloquence. She seemed fascinated by his voice as by his revelations; and when the time arrived for them to part, they lingered near to each other, their hands trembled beneath the pressure that each found it unable to refrain from giving, and they met again only to prove how quickly their friendship had taken root and would be blossoming.

Strange, with all their talk in the many meetings after this they had in the library, the name of Philip Avon never passed the lips of either. Yet it was not forgotten. Erle had kept the appointment Philip had forced upon him, even though he had learned that he continued dangerously ill; but, of course, he came not. Erle, however, knew that he would come as soon as he obtained strength, and now Philip was not more eager for the meeting than he was himself.

And it happened one morning in that lone library, not so long after they had first met there, that Erle proposed that they should together peruse some of that ancient lore of which Lady Maud had spoken. She, pleased with the proposition, selected a book containing histories of Saxon days written in quaint language.

They sat side by side, and together read down the pages, commenting on passages as they proceeded. The subject embraced the story of a boy and girl who met accidentally in an old Saxon tower. It traced their first acquaintance deepening to a more familiar relation, thence how it had become a fast, firm, and earnest friendship.

To both the story seemed to possess a singular charm, for it was told in truthful and expressive language.

It went on to show how this friendship had been maintained through bitter trials, difficulties, reverses, and vicissitudes of all kinds, always coming forth brighter, purer, and stronger after the severest test of its endurance. And then it told how, at length, this constant, faithful, loyal friendship proved to be in that disguise, LOVE!

The eyes of Lady Maud and Erle uprose at an instant, and met in one long, passionate gaze, then a film seemed to come over her eyes, and her head drooped upon his shoulder.

He pressed his lips to hers with a sudden, impetuous fervor.

Both suddenly rose up, and she looked into his face as one looks into vacancy, when roused from some wild, extraordinary dream.

Then pressing her hands to her temples, she uttered a wild, despairing cry, and fled from the library.

He sank down, and laying his head upon that old book, covered his burning eyes with his cold, cold hands, and trembled violently.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A physician in Wisconsin being disturbed one night by a burglar, and having no ball or shot for his pistol noiselessly loaded the weapon with dry, hard, pills, and gave the intruder a "prescription" which he thinks will go far towards curing the rascal of a very bad ailment.

☞ A HAPPY HOUSEHOLD.—There is nothing on earth so beautiful as the household in which Christian love forever smiles, and where religion walks, a counsellor and a friend. No cloud can darken it, for its twin-stars are centred in the soul. No storms can make it tremble, for it has a heavenly support and a heavenly anchor.

☞ At a theatre in Nantes, during a performance, a boy fell over the gallery railing, struck three people in the different tiers of boxes as he descended, and finally landed in a vacant seat in the pit, to the great astonishment of a gentleman who was enjoying the play in that part of the house. The boy was found to be uninjured.

☞ TURNING THE TABLES.—A young lady, a native of Sydney, Australia, being asked if she would like to go to Britain, answered, that she should like to see it, but not to live in it. On being pressed for her reason, she replied "that, from the great number of bad people sent out from thence, it must, surely, be a very wicked place to live in!"

☞ We were amused once at hearing the story of an old lady whose only exclamation, on hearing of the execution of a man who had once lived in the neighborhood, was, "Well, I know'd he'd come to the gallows at last, for the knot in his handkerchief was always slipping round under his *left ear*."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1860.

TERMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The FIRST YEAR'S subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $2, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

One Copy,	and the Splendid Steel Plate Engraving, "A Merry-Making in the Olden Time,"	$2,00
One Copy of THE POST,	and one of Arthur's Home Magazine,	3,00
Two Copies of THE POST,		3,00
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Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price of the paper, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

REMITTANCES.—While the currency is in such an unsettled condition, we should be obliged to our country friends when remitting their subscriptions, to send us as far as possible either *gold* or *postage stamps*.

THE SUSPENSION.

The suspension of specie payments by the banks of Philadelphia on the 22nd, is characterized by their officers as a measure of defence, and as enabling them to relieve the business interests of the city.

A partial run upon the Philadelphia banks, caused by the suspension of the banks of Maryland and Virginia, had already commenced—and the practical question therefore seemed to be, whether they should suspend at once, and save their specie, or put off the suspension until their specie was all exhausted.

The community, almost without an exception, sustains the banks in the course they thought safest to pursue—for the community has grown considerably wiser upon the subject of banking than it was three years ago.

Our banks are said to be founded upon a "specie basis"—this, however, is merely a pleasant fiction. Bank notes do not represent specie alone—they represent about one-sixth, probably of specie, and five-sixths of other property. As the paper currency is thus probably six times as great as the amount of specie held by the banks—and as bank notes are payable on demand, while the private notes, which they usually represent, are payable at from two to four months—of course it is absolutely impossible for the banks to redeem their notes, if any large proportion of them are presented at any one time at their counters.

Banks in fact are creatures of public confidence—and if the public, through fright or any other reason, lose confidence in them, it is impossible that they should do otherwise than suspend.

Three years ago the banks thought at first that they could maintain themselves, by sacrificing the merchants, their customers—but the result proved the folly of such an idea.

The banks of New York, this panic, are trying an opposite policy—that of sustaining the merchants; we hope they will succeed, though their chances would have been better had they commenced earlier. A spark can be easily put out—it is not so easy to deal with a conflagration.

We see it stated that the banks of New York city, in two weeks, at the commencement of this panic, required the payment of "call loans"—loans that can be demanded at very short notice—to the amount of fifteen millions of dollars.

If they did—they are probably sorry enough by this time. For to pay these "call loans" large amounts of stock had to be sold, which depressed the stock market, which increased the "panic," which tightened the money market, which drained the banks of their deposits and their coin, and thus the mischief finally "came home to roost."

The great Banking Institutions of the old world are said to act upon a different principle. The *New York World* says:

The Bank of England, in times of commercial difficulty, always makes it a principle to meet the necessities of merchants by judicious expansion, which shall operate to restore public confidence and avert a fatal run. The Bank of France habitually practices upon the same principle. In 1838, a period of prosperity and general confidence, the total amount loaned by it was 974,000,000 of francs for an average of fifty-six days. The next year, a period of universal distrust and distress, when in ten months the failures in Paris alone amounted to 858, the losses by which are stated have been between 55 and 60,000,000 of francs, the loans of the bank amounted to 1,454 millions of francs for an average of fifty-seven days, an increase of *four hundred and eighty millions* of francs. The London Morning Herald, of that period, well remarked, in reference to this course of action on the part of the Bank of France:

"The great augmentation in the general movements of the Bank of France, during the past year of distress, illustrates the principle on which the bank acts, viz.: to extend itself when the necessities of the merchants most require assistance. The bank acts rather as a *preservative in adversity* than as a stimulant in prosperity. Hence the uniformity of the value of money in France."

Our banks have in times past proved themselves tolerably good "stimulants in prosperity." It behooves them now to show their capacity in the other *role*.

But the Banks of England and France are national institutions—closely allied with and supported by the monetary power of the Government—and it is unfair to expect from our numerous little banks, jealous and afraid of each other as they naturally are, that they should array themselves like a breakwater against the financial storm. You cannot expect the act of a giant from a parcel of pigmies.

One thing we have to be thankful for, that the business condition of the country is undeniably sound. The exchange with England is in our favor, and specie must therefore soon begin to flow in upon us. All portions of the country, with a few sad exceptions, where they suffered greatly with drought last summer, are, in scriptural language, "overflowing with milk and honey"—though the "milk of human kindness" is rather deficient, both in quantity and quality. Business in the East has not been overdone—people have not been living extravagantly—our merchants generally are solvent, and in our financial affairs we seldom have had less real cause for discouragement.

Well, the suspension has come—and all parties already feel easier. The banks, knowing their weakness, like Captain Scott's coon, did not wait to be fired at, but "came down at once." For they are constitutionally weak in respect to the immediate specie payment of all their liabilities, while perfectly healthy and solvent in a larger sense. Let us hope that the turning point has now been reached, and that our beloved brethren whom Providence—or the other one—has made wealthy, will begin at once to unbutton their breeches pockets; for such a chance of making good investments has not probably occurred for the last ten years, and in enriching themselves they will be helping the country generally.

SPIRITUALISM.

This subject which seems to be attracting comparatively little attention now in the United States, is attracting much more than a little in England. Mr. Home, or Hume, has been working his marvels in certain London circles,—the only really wonderful things, however, being always done in the dark.

A writer in one of the English periodicals, is engaged in showing how all these marvels can be done by sleight of hand, or foot; and his explanation of how Mr. Home "floated" about a dark room, appearing to pass and repass before a window whose shade was drawn down, is certainly quite ingenious. He says:—

In the first place, there is no evidence that the corporeal Home was actually seen in the air at anytime. His *figure* was seen passing and repassing the window, and even his figure was seen nowhere else. His foot was felt in the air at about the height of the narrator's chair. His voice was coming from different quarters of the room, according to his then position—is it probable, is it possible, that any machinery could be devised—not to speak of its being set up and previously made ready in a room, which was dosed upon as the place of meeting only five minutes *before we entered it*—capable of carrying such a weight about without the slightest sound of any description? Or, suppose, as has been suggested, that he bestrode an inflated balloon, could a balloon have been introduced inflated large enough to hold in mid-air such a weight? Or could it have been inflated with hydrogen gas without being detected by ears, eyes, or nose?

As this exhausts the list of Dr. Gully's hypotheses, and as I have no desire to shock such a sincere believer, I say at once that I lay no stress on machinery or inflated balloons. I do not think it likely even that Mr. Home sent past the window *an inflated dummy of gold-beater's skin* to represent himself, as many more wary persons have a tendency to suppose. I do not think so for a couple of reasons, either of which is quite sufficient. In the first place, though Mediums must run unusual risks whenever they favor us with unusual performances, it would be too much to risk the ludicrous discovery of a great dummy figure from the sputter of a chance lucifer match or the sudden flash of a concealed lantern. Such a dummy would be liable to a prod with a stick, which would evaporate his hydrogen, and be a "*home*-thrust" indeed. And, secondly, there is no occasion whatever to encounter this risk; for the effect witnessed on this particular occasion can be produced, by a little compact portable magic-lantern, with the simple addition of *one* phantasmagoria slide.

As to the disc of the lantern it may be reduced to any shape or figure we please, and nothing would be easier than to make its subdued light correspond exactly with the dimensions and tone of the window-blind on which its shadows are projected. We all know how the black shadows of the phantasmagoria appear to stand out from the surface on which they are displayed into the very centre of a room, and thus we obtain a body—apparently an actual corporeal substance—passing above heads which are mystified by the assistance of a little ventriloquism. A single slide is sufficient, for we have only to insert that slide the reverse way, and the Home who crossed, will then re-cross the blind with undiminished effectiveness.

We now see why there was no one sitting so as to face the wall opposite the window, and why the sofa was displaced to procure this arrangement. Mr. Home's foot was doubtless touched by the narrator while the wonder-worker was standing on a chair behind him. "It was withdrawn quickly, with a palpable shudder" at this imminent risk of detection; while as to his "slight mark" upon the ceiling, this could easily have been made with a pair of lazy-tongs.

The writer in question further surmises that Mr. Home is a ventriloquist, and that he uses either a mouth-harmonicon, or a self-acting accordeon, when the accordeon is to be played on. Those who have seen Blitz or Anderson know that wonderful feats can be performed by jugglery, though whether or not Mr. Home is a mere juggler, we do not pretend to decide.

PRUSSIAN COURTESY.—On the recent visit of Queen Victoria to Prussia, the custom house officers at Mayence almost insisted upon boarding the royal yacht, in order to ascertain whether the Queen or her suite *had any contraband goods in their possession!* Only the assertion of the officer in command that he would repulse them by force if necessary, prevented this indignity being offered. The custom house officers then telegraphed to the higher powers, and an immunity from search was granted the royal yacht.

ANOTHER PREMIUM CLUB.

For the convenience of some of our friends, we have made up another Premium Club, as follows:—

For *sixteen* new subscribers and *twenty* dollars—$1,25 apiece—we will send either Lippincott's Gazetteer, or Webster's Quarto Dictionary as a Premium!

CHINESE SUGAR CANE.

Judging from a recent article in the *Prairie Farmer*, the Sorghum is not a failure. That paper says:—

But little is said of it, because but little need be said. The people of the West are succeeding in its culture and manufacture beyond even the highest hopes of its friends.—More syrup and *sugar* is being, and will be made from it this year in the West than ever before—more seed will be planted next season than was planted the present. No one is "growling" here—at least we have heard no one growl. The syrup and sugar grown and manufactured on our soil, will save our farmers a heavy tax that would otherwise be paid for Southern sugar and syrup. It is a source of wealth—an item of economical husbandry which Western farmers will scarcely ignore for some time to come.

We are glad to hear it—but do we understand our contemporary to say that very little difficulty is experienced by farmers in general, in making *sugar* out of the Chinese cane?

CLUBS.—We trust that our friends throughout the country are seeing in time to the getting up of their clubs. If the interest shown in our paper is any sign, we ought to have an increase in our subscription list, everywhere. Almost everything depends, however, upon the exertions of our friends in our behalf.—We try to offer generous compensation, in our turn, in the shape of our very valuable premiums.

THE CATAWISSA RASPBERRY.—Mrs D. H. B., of Bethlehem, Pa., says:—

"I saw in last week's paper a recommendation of the Catawissa raspberry, but so far as taste and experience go with us here at Bethlehem, it is not worth very much. The berries are generally large in appearance, but very thin in body, and the taste is very inferior to almost any kind of raspberry in our vicinity."

LETTER FROM PARIS.

PEARLS, AND THEIR ORIGIN.

PARIS, Nov. 2, 1860.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

That tastes differ is a truism too evident to be denied; yet there are certain points on which every one seems to be agreed, and on which the human race, in all times, and all the world over, seem to have held, and to hold, the same opinion. The love of ornament which, as has been well remarked, seems to be developed among savage nations before the feeling of any necessity for clothing, may be cited as one of these matters on which all the world thinks alike: though, undoubtedly, the appreciation of the various possibilities of ornamentation offered us by the adaptability of the objects and substances about us, is as various as these. But even in this seemingly endless field of discrepancies of judgment, certain objects have met with universal acceptance as being peculiarly fitting for purposes of adornment; flowers, feathers, jewels, and gold being emphatically of the number; while, among jewels, none perhaps have obtained so universal an acceptance as pearls. Even the splendors of the diamond, and the rich glow of the ruby, magnificent as they are, count fewer admirers than the delicate lustre of the pearl. This unique substance has always been highly prized as an ornament; and in ancient times, its nature, and the secret of its production, have largely exercised the hypothetic talent of naturalists and philosophers; Pliny, for instance, asserting that "pearls are formed by the drops of dew that fall between the valves of the oyster when it gapes." Pliny does not seem to have troubled himself to ascertain whether oysters ever gape, or how, if they gape, "drops of dew" were to come in contact with a creature inhabiting the depths of the sea; or by what strange suspension of the laws of nature, supposing the oyster to gape, and the "drop of dew" to fall into the opened bivalve at the moment of its unclosing, the "drop of dew" retains its globular form when received by the oyster.

Elian started a yet more whimsical theory, to wit: that pearls were produced by the action of lightning, when that subtle agent happened to strike an open oyster. Modern writers have maintained a third hypothesis, as far from the truth as either of these, and have declared the pearl to be a morbid secretion of the uncomplaining, undemonstrative, and little understood inhabitants of oyster-shells.

This latter hypothesis, however, has been as fully overthrown by recent researches as the two former ones; and the pearl is now regarded, by the best informed naturalists, as being a normal and healthy product of the lining membrane of the oyster, the sensitive fringe or border which surrounds the body of the fish, and adheres so closely to the valves. This membrane is of glandular structure, and is the organ which secretes the coloring matter of the shell, as also the shiny substance which forms its interior surface, and is known by the name of "mother-of-pearl." The formation both of "mother-of-pearl" and of pearls, depends on the healthy state of this membrane: and when the membrane is diseased or sickly, the oyster is found to be deficient in both, or to produce them only of inferior quality.

But, although naturalists are now agreed on this point, they are divided into two hostile camps on the nature of the cause which determines the production of pearls, the primitive and regular product of the membrane in question being not pearls, but mother-of-pearl. Of these rival camps, one holds that the origin of the pearl is to be found in the presence of an egg—of the oyster itself, or of some parasite—which has lost its way, and slipped, by mistake, between the membrane and the shell; the membrane, indignant at the presence of the intruder, at once surrounding it with a covering of its peculiar secretion, in which the intrusive germ is hermetically imprisoned, and kept from inflicting further mischief upon its unwilling resting-place. The other camp declares that the point of irritation which leads the membrane to exert its energies so vigorously, and thus to produce a pearl, may be furnished by any foreign body; a grain of sand, for instance, getting in between the shell and its sensitive lining, being sufficient to call forth the secretive energy of the oyster. But Mobius states that of 44 sea-pearls, and 15 fresh-water ones, carefully examined by him, not one contained a grain of sand; while Philippi and Leuchenmeister both declare that their investigations have demonstrated the presence of a parasite which gets into the oyster, feeds upon its substance, and so worries its unfortunate host, that the latter loses no time in building round its unwelcome guest a wall of the same substance as the lining of its shell. Acting on this theory, an ingenious money-maker, whose name I cannot now recall, has set up a manufacture of real pearls, in one of the Departments of France, and has been very successful in getting the oysters on which he operates to make pearls, by putting into the tanks in which he keeps the oysters, a number of the parasite in question. These insects, being taken in by the unsuspecting bivalves, and immediately commencing the vampyrean attack on the bodies of the latter, are speedily acted upon by the angry mollusc and converted into pearls.

The high favor which pearls have always enjoyed, and the great demand for them which seems to have existed since the earliest times, has prompted many attempts to stimulate, or imitate, the work of the oyster. Latin authors tell us that, long before the Christian era, the Arab pearl-fishers along the coast of the Red Sea, observing that when the oyster is wounded, or sick, it lets fall drops of a liquid which solidifies into a sort of pearl, turned this observation to account in producing artificial pearls. Apollonius relates that, to this end, the Arabs poured oil on the water, and when the oysters, deceived by the smoothness of the sea, came up to the surface to breathe, they were caught by the fishermen, their body wounded with a sharp spike, and then laid on iron sieves, and placed over a dish, into which the liquid in question fell in drops, producing round and shining beads, similar to natural pearls.

Seventeen centuries later, Linnæus informed the Swedish Government that he possessed the secret of making "real pearls," and offered to sell it for a given sum. The Government not accepting his offer, he sold it to a merchant of Gottenburg, named Bagge, whose heirs again offered it for sale, carefully sealed up, in 1780. This pretended secret was neither more nor less than the Arabian method just described, and which Linnæus himself, in the 3d edition of his System Nature, had given to the world. At a subsequent period the great Naturalist seems to have tried to make a mystery of the matter, and was vainly entreated, by his friend Beckman, to reveal to him the method by which he had procured the formation of the pearls of his collection, which he declared he had caused to be made by freshwater muscles.

This art of making pearls, through the agency of the oyster or muscle, is said to be in great vogue among the Chinese, who attribute the origin of the art to a native of Hu-chu-fu, named Ye-jin-yang, born in the 13th century, and whose memory they still hold in honor. A Temple is specially dedicated to his memory; and he is looked upon somewhat in the light of a Patron Saint by those who follow his art as a calling.

Immense manufactories of these pearls exist in the neighborhood of Canton, and at Hu-chu-fu, near Ningpo. In April and May, the young muscles, having obtained their development, are taken up from their beds and opened; the operators placing a small bit of iron wire, or a few grains of metal, between the shell and the lining-membrane of the molluscs: these foreign substances are left there for a year, when they are taken out, and are found to be covered with a thin coating of mother-of-pearl. Sometimes the muscles are left still longer, in which case the covering is proportionally thicker. These pearls are often of beautiful lustre and color, but are always defective in form, owing to their nucleus having adhered to the body of the fish. They can, therefore, be only used in opaque setting, or in embroideries, which allow of the defective side being hidden. The principal end of this industrial enterprise, however, is the fabrication of the little figures which the Chinese wear in their hats, and which, to a superficial observer, appear to be composed of a substance like that of natural pearls, but which consist of moulds, made of some metallic substance, which have been introduced into the body of the mollusc, and there covered with a coating of pearly substance. Though this coating is so thin that the brilliance of the metal shines through it, thus adding to its lustre, it adheres so closely to the mould that it is almost impossible to detach the smallest particle of it without breaking the figure.

As several of these moulds are introduced into each valve of the mollusc, these pearl-like figures are easily obtained, and at a very low price; one large one, or two small ones, selling for a couple of cents. If the Chinese could succeed in producing these artificial pearls perfectly smooth and round, they would drive all other imitations out of the market. But though their pearls are less beautiful, owing to their defects of form, than the imitations produced in Europe, their method is extremely interesting in a scientific point of view, since it confirms the opinion put forth by modern chemists and naturalists, who regard the pearl as the product of an abnormal activity of the secretory power of the animal.

The Venetians were the first European

people who occupied themselves in making artificial pearls. They may possibly have taken the idea of this trade from the Arabs, but they set to work in a very different way, viz.:—by introducing a coating of varnish, of various colors, into thin globules of glass. Mercury enters largely into the composition of these varnishes; and such was the perfection with which the Venetians imitated pearls that the government, in the 16th century, interdicted the trade, on the ground of its being "dishonest to make pearls that could not be distinguished from natural ones." The trade still flourished, in spite of this prohibition; and Murano, where it was first established, is still the principal centre of the manufacture of artificial pearls, as well as of the glass beads known as "Venetian pearls." Rome was also, for some centuries, actively employed in imitating pearls; but in that city, instead of glass, the pearls are made of balls of alabaster, dipped into a paste composed of pulverized mother-of-pearl.

But none of these pearls can compare with those now made in France, which, in form, color, and lustre, are absolutely undistinguishable from natural pearls. Some of those exhibited in 1855 could only be distinguished from the finest natural pearls, by their relative lightness; a defect which it has, as yet, been found impossible to remedy.

The French system of manufacture dates from 1680, when a Parisian dealer in rosaries, named Jaquin, happening one day to notice, in the fountain of his garden the pearly lustre of the scales of the bleak that were swimming in the basin, was struck with the idea of applying these to glass beads in imitation of pearls. Finding it impossible to preserve these scales, which became decomposed rapidly, Jaquin at length succeeded in dissolving them in a strong alkaline solution which, under the name of "Essence of Orient," has been the basis of this industry in France to the present day.

The cyprinus alburnus, or bleak, is a little fish, green on the back, white on the underside, which abounds in the affluents of the Seine. The scales are washed in several waters, squeezed through fine linen, and the liquid which exudes from them is then filtered repeatedly until the required purity is obtained. It is then mixed with an alkaline solution, whose nature and proportion vary in different establishments. From 17,000 to 18,000 bleak yield only one quart of this essence!

Much of the success of this imitation depends on the quality of the iron tubes used in blowing the glass beads which are destined to be turned into pearls. A skillful blower will make thousands of these in a day; but for very fine ones, extra care and time are needed. When the beads are formed, a drop of the essence is introduced by the aid of a pipe, changing the glass, as by magic, into pearls. These are soaked in alcohol, dried on hot plates, filled with wax *or* cement to give them weight and resistance, and carefully perforated; a tube of tinted paper being introduced into each, in order to prevent the thread on which they are strung from coming into contact with the wax. They are then exposed to the fumes of a mixture of bismuth and mercury, whose composition is one of the secrets of the art. *It is said that* certain makers wash each pearl separately in a liquid obtained by repeated distillations of a certain mercurial composition.

The fabrication of these pearls employs an immense number of workpeople, of whom many are women. The Department of the Seine is the principal centre of the trade; and Paris, producing the most beautiful specimens of this ingenious imitation, seems destined still to maintain its supremacy in the art with which Jaquin first endowed it.

QUANTUM.

A FEW FACTS ABOUT CELEBRATED MEN.

Some literary men make good men of business. According to Pope, the principal object of Shakspeare in cultivating literature was to secure an honest independence. He succeeded so well in the accomplishment of this purpose that, at a comparatively early age, he had realized a sufficient competency to enable him to retire to his native town of Stratford-upon-Avon. Chaucer was in early life a soldier, and afterwards a commissioner of customs and inspector of woods and crown lands. Spenser was secretary to the Lord Deputy of Ireland, and is said to have been shrewd and sagacious in the management of affairs. Milton was secretary to the Council of State during the Commonwealth, and gave abundant evidence of his energy and usefulness in that office. Sir Isaac Newton was a most efficient Master of the Mint. Wordsworth was a distributor of stamps; and Sir Walter Scott a clerk in the Court of Session—both uniting a genius for poetry, with punctual and practical habits as men of business. Ricardo was no less distinguished as a sagacious banker than a lucid expounder of the principles of political economy. Grote, the most profound historian of Greece, is also a London banker. John Stuart Mill, not surpassed by any living thinker in profoundness of speculation, lately retired from the examiner's department in the East India Company, with the admiration of his colleagues for the rare ability with which he had conducted the business of the department.

WAGES.—The workers in new arts, as they arise, naturally obtain higher wages than the workers in old arts. Gasfitters, mule-spinners, and engine-drivers are everywhere better paid than agricultural laborers, handloom weavers, and vine-dressers. At present, higher wages continually attract men from the rural districts into towns, and by that means those who remain behind are better paid. The gradual introdution, then, of new arts, which was notoriously the chief means of converting the serfs of Europe into free and well-paid artisans, has a constant tendency to keep up and to raise the wages of labor.—*The London Review.*

☞ The Chinese say there is a well of wisdom at the root of every gray hair.

HOW I GOT MARRIED; OR, COURTING BY TELEGRAPH.

BY A TELEGRAPH OPERATOR.

We were sitting by a bright coal fire, while the wind outside was whistling and blowing as if it had the intention of testing the strength of the walls of our little cottage to the utmost.

When I say "we," I mean my wife, myself, and our son and heir, aged two years. The latter important personage, who inherits his mother's beauty, and will have his father's wealth some day—if there is any to have—sat upon the rug, playing with some toys which I purchased for him on my way home that evening.

My wife was engaged at some sewing work at one end of the table, and I was seated opposite to her, reading aloud a tale in our Family Paper, when all at once my wife interrupted me by ejaculating,

"Oh, Willie, dear, I've been thinking that I should like *you* to write a little story."

"Write a story!" said I; "I couldn't do such a thing."

"Oh, yes, you can, if you try."

"All very fine; but suppose I was to try—what could I write about?"

My wife started up, put her arms round my neck, and gave me a kiss. Then, thinking probably that after that I should be inclined to do anything she desired, she said:

"Why, love! couldn't you just describe the way we became acquainted and got married?"

"Nonsense!" said I; "who cares for that?"

"Oh, no!" (very decidedly); "it's not nonsense at all. Many persons will like to read it, especially those who are in the telegraph service, because something of the kind might happen to them."

"Well," said I, "to oblige you I will. But I know it's no use."

So she fetched me pens, ink and paper, and I commenced as follows:

Everybody knows that for the last few years telegraph companies have employed females in the instrument departments of some of their principal stations. The work is light and clean, and very well adapted for young ladies. Most of them acquire the *art* of telegraphing in a very short time, and there are now in the service many who are able to send and receive messages as well as the best of the male staff.

Young ladies are much the same everywhere, and it would, of course, be next to impossible for them to remain any length of time in a room without desiring to hold a fair amount of conversation. As the nature of their employment demands that for the greater part of the time they are at the office they must sit at the instrument to which they are appointed, they cannot very well hold conversations with their companions. So that when a circuit happens to be slack, the young lady who has charge of it finds a great deal of relief in speaking to the clerks of the station at the other end of the wire.

After I had been some time in the service, *and was supposed to be thoroughly acquainted with the work, I was appointed to a station* which I do not wish to be known by any other name than that of Merton.

After I had introduced myself to those who were to be my fellow clerks, I took possession of the instrument appropriated to me, and, as is usual, inquired the name of the lady with whom I was to work.

Quick as thought I received for answer "Amy Watson. Who are you?" Having given my name, and the station from which I had come, we entered into conversation upon general subjects, such as the weather, descriptions of different towns through which I had passed, &c., &c.

I soon found that, in addition to being an excellent hand at telegraphing, my fair correspondent was very entertaining in conversation, and it was very easy to discover, from the way in which she acted during a press of business, that she was of a very amiable disposition. These conversations went on for some time, till at length I was miserably dull when away from the instrument, and always eager to discharge, as quickly as possible, those duties which occasionally called me away, so that I might return to speak to Amy.

I was most anxious to see the being who exercised such an influence over me, and at length, after much persuasion, and having obtained the consent of her widowed mother, we exchanged portraits. If I was in love before, I was doubly so now. Having obtained the likeness, I was more eager than ever to see the original. To hear the sound of her voice—which I was sure from the expression of her face in the portrait was soft and sweet—to see her smile on me, and to gaze into her large, bright blue eyes, seemed to me the objects most to be desired of any in the world.

I applied for and obtained leave of absence for a fortnight, and instantly proceeded to N———. We met, and everything that I had pictured was as naught compared to the beauty, amiability, and sweetness of the original. Before I left, we were engaged to be married; and three months afterwards having obtained, through the kindness of my superior officer, a transfer from Merton to N———, Amy Watson changed her name for mine.

Since then we have lived happily, for we are still lovers (a little sobered down), and have never had cause to regret that the principal part of our love-making was by telegraph.

LOTTERIES IN PENNSYLVANIA.—At present no question can arise as to whether a prize in money is necessary to constitute an illegal lottery, for, by the fifty-second section of the new criminal code, all lotteries—whether public or private, for moneys, goods, wares, chattels, lands, or tenements—are declared common nuisances, and the establishment of or the selling of tickets in them, is punishable by fine and imprisonment.—*Inquirer.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ANOTHER AND MORE SPLENDID ENGRAVING!

TWO LARGE AND VALUABLE WORKS AS PREMIUMS!

SPLENDID STORIES! INSTRUCTIVE SKETCHES! SOLID INFORMATION!

In laying their Prospectus again before the public, the Proprietors of "THE OLDEST AND BEST OF THE WEEKLIES" need enter upon no long array of promises. They may simply state, that they design making THE POST for the future what it has been for the past, a repository alike of delightful amusement and equally entertaining instruction. Interesting Stories and choice Sketches by

THE BEST WRITERS,

will always be found in THE POST. Our Stories for the last year have been generally acknowledged to be of the most interesting character; and we design not to allow any falling off in this respect—though any improvement is hardly possible. But THE POST also aims to instruct; it contains weekly

An Agricultural Department,
Choice Receipts,
Domestic and Foreign News,
The Markets and Bank Note List,
Letter from Paris,
Miscellaneous Information, &c.

But to see exactly what THE POST is, write for **A SAMPLE NUMBER,** which will be sent gratis to any one desirous of subscribing for a weekly paper. By the following list of terms you will see that THE POST is not only the *BEST*, but the *CHEAPEST OF THE WEEKLIES!* and that we offer

SPLENDID PREMIUMS TO SUBSCRIBERS!

OUR ENGRAVING PREMIUM—A MAGNIFICENT PICTURE.—Our Engraving Premium this year is the celebrated Steel Plate Engraving of

"A MERRY MAKING IN THE OLDEN TIME."

This Engraving was first issued by the LONDON ART UNION. It is 36 inches long by 24 inches wide—contains from 30 to 40 figures, and is one of the handsomest Engravings now before the American and British public. The publisher's price for it (sold by canvassers) is Five Dollars.

OUR BOOK PREMIUMS.—These are two: LIPPINCOTT'S FAMOUS PRONOUNCING GAZETTEER AND GEOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF THE WORLD, and the equally famous WEBSTER'S NEW PICTORIAL QUARTO DICTIONARY. Lippincott's Pronouncing Gazetteer and Geographical Dictionary of the World, is a work that no man or family should be without. It is a large volume of 2,183 closely printed pages, and contains an IMMENSE MASS OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE. You have in it the most recent and authentic information respecting nearly 100,000 places—countries, islands, rivers, mountains, cities, towns, &c., in every portion of the Globe. Of Webster's New Pictorial Quarto Dictionary, containing 1,500 Wood Cuts, but little need be said—its value being apparent to all. *No family should be without it.*

TERMS OF THE POST.

Single copy,	$2.00 a year
2 copies,	3.00 "
1 copy of the Post and Arthur's Magazine,	3.00 "
4 copies,	5.00 "
8 "	10.00 "
13 "	15.00 "
20 "	20.00 "

To the getter-up of a club of 8, or either of the larger clubs, we send a copy *gratis.*

The Post and our Premium Engraving.

For one copy of THE POST yearly, and one of the Magnificent Engraving, "A MERRY MAKING IN THE OLDEN TIME," $5.00

For a club of *thirty* copies of THE POST, and *Thirty* Dollars, we will send as a PREMIUM the Magnificent Engraving, "A MERRY MAKING IN THE OLDEN TIME," *gratis.*

For a club of *forty*, and *Forty* Dollars, we will send the Engraving, and a copy extra of THE POST also.

☞ Any member of a club can have the Engraving sent to him on the payment of Three Dollars extra. The Engraving will be wrapped carefully on a roller, and the postage prepaid. Every pains will be taken to insure its safe transmission.

The Post and our Book Premiums.

We will send one copy of THE POST, for one year, and give a copy of either the Dictionary or the Gazetteer, for Six Dollars.

Or, on the receipt of five new subscribers, and Ten Dollars, WE WILL GIVE EITHER OF THE ABOVE WORKS AS A PREMIUM.

Or, on the receipt of ten new subscribers and Fifteen Dollars—$1.50 apiece—WE WILL GIVE EITHER OF THE WORKS AS A PREMIUM.,

Or, on the receipt of *sixteen* new subscribers and *twenty* dollars—$1.25 apiece—WE WILL GIVE EITHER OF THE WORKS AS A PREMIUM.

The price of these works in the stores varies from $6 to $6.50 apiece.

Or we will give a copy of the ENGRAVING as a PREMIUM in the place of either of the Books.

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

☞ TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

HOW SOMEBODY GOT ELECTED TO CONGRESS.

[A New York paper gives the following account of how a gentleman—whom we suppose resides in that city—got elected *in a recent triangular contest, to Congress:*—]

At an election in the largest city of the Union, not a thousand years ago, a certain gentleman discovered himself possessed of not only the desire but also the qualifications for a seat in the Federal halls of the country. Accordingly, he made up his mind to secure that seat. When we say qualifications, we do not wish to be misunderstood as referring to large supplies of mental powers, great depth of soul, and integrity of character; not a bit of it; what is meant is simply a neat bank account. Morals are highly deleterious to some candidates' chances, and would have been in the present case, had the aspiring politician had any on hand. Fortunately for him, his original stock in life was depleted largely, and he therefore went into the field unshackled in every particular. The gentleman fell to work vigorously, and had the happiness of seeing himself booked for the District of Columbia, when the polls had closed. His mode of managing matters was lavish and colossal, as will be perceived from the following estimate of his individual expenses, deprived from intelligent sources:

ITEMS.	
Nomination tax, paid to eight clubs, $50 each	$400
Target prizes, 100 gold watches, $10 each	1,000
Six banners, $100 each	600
Procession	100
Ratification meeting, including wine, cigars, etc.	2,000
Treating his friends in bar-rooms, three times a week, for four weeks	125
Porters, advertising, etc.	1,500
Ballots	300
Workers, 200, from $5 to $10 each, about	1,500
Buying a ward	2,000
Buying an opponent from the field	25,000
Total	$34,525
The office to which his constituents chose him has attached a salary, per annum, of	3,000
And mileage, to an extent not over	1,000
Total	$4,000

And is available for only two years.

A mathematician can elucidate the fact that the honorable gentleman must have been largely out of pocket by the expiration of his term, from the following:

Expenses of election	$34,525
Salary and mileage	8,000
Net loss	$26,525

What an amount of sacrifice for the love of one's country!

To be sure the foregoing is not an average estimate of the expenses pertaining to canvasses in general, but it has a nice bit of history, and as such deserves attention.

The gossippers say that the twenty-five thousand dollars came out of the pockets of the uneducated politicians, somewhat after this fashion. The sharp-sighted gentleman succeeded in getting a few bosom friends to bet, in various sums, to the amount mentioned, that his opponent would withdraw before election day. He supplied the betters with their amount of stakes, and the bets were taken quickly. A check for twenty-five thousand dollars was then tantalizingly offered to one of the opposition party, who, after hesitating, accepted it with the terms imposed. By this means the stakes were worked into the hands of the sharp gentleman, who came out in the end without loss.

The opposing candidate who suffered at the hands of this tricky Congressman, was less extravagant—his bills footing up about five thousand dollars only. But the gentleman who withdrew from the contest for that respectable little sum—twenty-five thousand dollars—is, indeed, to be congratulated. However, a casuist might detect a little deficiency of logic in almost any explanation that can be given as to why so large an amount was used to buy off a man, who, if elected, could only have eight thousand dollars or so from the national treasury. But the casuist would only render himself ridiculous, if he were to attempt it, in the eyes of all save the innocents.

☞ I have always considered ADVERTISING LIBERALLY AND LONG, to be the great medium of success in business, and prelude to wealth. And I have made it an invariable rule, too, to advertise in the dullest times, long experience having taught me that money thus spent is well laid out; as, by keeping my business continually before the public, it has secured me many sales that I would otherwise have lost.—*Stephen Girard.*

☞ The rich are more envied by those who have little than by those who have nothing.

☞ A woman who wants a charitable heart wants a pure heart.

☞ The heart is a book which we ought not to tear in our hurry to get at its contents.

☞ Many are willing enough to wound who are yet afraid to strike.

☞ It is the work of a philosopher to be every day subduing his passions and laying aside his prejudices.

☞ It is the best proof of the virtues of a family circle to see a happy fireside.

☞ A lucifer match passes through seven processes. By the most improved machine, matches are split at the rate of *sixty thousand per minute!*

☞ SIMPLICITY OF DRESS.—Female loveliness never appears to so great an advantage as when set off by simplicity of dress. No artist ever paints angels with towering feathers and grand jewelry; and our dear human angels, if they would make good their title to that name, should carefully avoid tawdry ornaments, which properly belong to Indian squaws and African princes. A vulgar taste is not redeemed by gold or diamonds.

☞ A life of full and constant employment is the only safe and happy one.

☞ A critic should have for his arms a pair of snuffers. He is often an extinguisher, and not seldom a *thief.* We know two critics who are a pair of "snuffers."

☞ A man is the healthiest and the happiest when he thinks the least either of health or happiness. To forget an ill is half the battle; it leaves easy work for the doctors.

SYSTEMATIC SWINDLING.

A few days since the Mayor received a letter from Fulton, Mo., from a party inquiring as to the responsibility of parties who had sent circulars announcing the distribution by certificate of a splendid catalogue of jewelry and watches. The following is a copy of the circular, and goes to show the manner in which city sharpers prey upon the credulity of strangers:

LOOK AT THIS.

NO BOGUS JEWELRY! ALL STERLING GOLD AND SILVER.

James C. Jackson & Co.'s Third Grand Distribution.

Encouraged by the success of their former distributions, James C. Jackson & Co. now offer to their former patrons and the community in general, the following schedule of goods, which, for quality and quantity, surpasses anything of the kind ever offered to the people of the United States. Each article is guaranteed to be what it is represented. In the line of Jewelry and Watches, no plated goods will be sent out under any circumstances whatever, but each will be sterling gold or silver. Instead of twenty-five cents, which we charged in our former distributions, we shall, on account of the superiority of the goods, charge for sending certificates, paying postage, &c., fifty cents on each certificate.—Five certificates sent for two dollars. Each article will be sold for two dollars, no matter of what value, and when you receive the certificate it is entirely optional with you whether you send on the two dollars and take the article called for or not. When the article is to be sent by mail, we shall of course charge in each certificate, in addition to the two dollars, sufficient to pre-pay postage. When it is sent by express the charges will have to be paid at the place of delivery.

1	Superb Diamond Necklace,	$550 00
1	" Single Stone Diamond Pin,	500 00
1	" " " Ring,	500 00
1	" Set Diamond Ear Drops,	500 00
20	Diamond Pins,	$150 each.
30	" Rings,	100 "
5	Rosewood Pianos, Chickering & Sons,	500 "
5	" " "	300 "
5	" " "	250 "
200	Gold Hunting Cased Watches,	125 "
200	" " "	80 "
200	" Open Faced "	50 "
300	Ladies' Gold Watches,	35 "
1000	Silver Watches,	$12 to $20 "
3000	Watch Chains, all styles,	5 " 15 "
30000	Brooches, "	3 " 7 "
30000	Ear Drops, "	3 " 7 "
20000	Bracelets, "	3 " 10 "
10000	Sets Ladies' Jewelry, all styles,	5 " 15 "
5000	Sleeve Buttons, "	3 " 5 "
5000	Shirt Studs, "	3 " 5 "
5000	Gold Rings, "	2 " 10 "
1000	Sharpe's Pistols, weighing 8½ oz.,	15 " 25 "
1000	Colt's Pistols,	15 " 30 "
100	Sewing Machines,	10 " 150 "
32831	Miscellaneous Articles,	2 " 4 "

Our mode of disposing of this splendid catalogue of goods is as follows:—150,000 certificates will be placed in envelopes, and sent to those persons ordering. Each certificate will entitle the holder to one article mentioned in the catalogue (no matter what the value may be), on the payment of two dollars. By this means the investment of fifty cents may entitle you to a fine piano, a good sewing machine, or some other article of great value, on the additional payment of two dollars.

Our terms to agents, which are liberal, will be sent on application. Address,

JAMES C. JACKSON & CO.,
No. 401 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

For the character of our house for honesty and fair dealing, we refer to
Hon. Wm. Bigler, U. S. Senator, State of Pa.
Hon. W. F. Packer, Governor of Pa.
Hon. J. C. Knox, Attorney General of Pa.
Hon. Richard Vaux, ex-Mayor, city of Phila.
Hon. Alex. Henry, Mayor city of Phila.

JAMES C. JACKSON & CO.,
401 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

N. B.—To any person ordering fifteen dollars' worth of certificates, we will guarantee a Sharpe's pistol, or a watch of the same value.

The Mayor, indignant at the fraudulent use of his name, placed the matter in the hands of detectives Franklin and Bartholomew, who at once set a trap to catch the aforesaid utterers of the circular. They accordingly mailed a letter from Pittsburg, addressed to the parties, containing two dollars, with an order for five certificates, according to the above circular. No answer was returned, when a second letter was sent, with a postage stamp enclosed, complaining of the delay. The officer waited some time, and then, having tangible ground to go upon, obtained from the Post Office a description of the party applying for the letters addressed "Jas. C. Jackson & Co.," and followed him to his place of business. Instead of going to No. 401 Chestnut St., the officer followed him to No. 926 north Eleventh St. No. 401 is the store of a respectable tailor, while the letters were deposited in a box No. 1511, nominally the box of H. M. Norton & Co.

The officers went to No. 926 north Eleventh St., a private house, where they found two men actively at work packing up envelopes for mail, directing circulars, cutting postage stamps, and preparing their documents for distribution, all over the room. One table was covered with letters, the money contents of which had been removed, and boxes piled with such letters were piled up on the ample shelving with which the room was fitted up. The officers first arrested the man with the letters just from the Post Office, and then the two others who were employed in directing the circulars.

The name of the former is Dr. Martin H. N. Kendig, the latter are Henry L. Kendig, his brother, and Philander A. Fitzgerald. Dr. Kendig is well known. He was recently a conductor on the Chestnut and Walnut St. Railroad, and formerly kept a drinking room in the basement of Jones's Hotel. The officers seized the letters and circulars, and brought them with the accused parties to the central police station. The senior Kendig took matters coolly, but seemed immensely chagrined at this unceremonious interruption to a business netting $200 a day, kindly informed the officers that there were twenty other swindling concerns in the city, and that "if they didn't come to his assistance," he'd blow them out of water also.

Ald. Beitler gave the accused a hearing, and held the elder Kendig in $2,000 bail for a further hearing, this afternoon, and the others in $1,500. The letters received by the parties generally contained money, and in the aggregate their receipts must have been very large. About a thousand of their circulars were ready for delivery to Postmasters, requesting them to act as agents, and all the arrangements appear to have been carried out with the determination of making a big haul.

HEARING IN THE CASE—THE PARTY FULLY COMMITTED.—Yesterday afternoon the hall at the Central Police Station, Fifth and Chestnut streets, was crowded with spectators to hear the evidence in the case of the lottery speculators, Dr. Martin H. N. Kendig, Henry L. Kendig, his brother, and Philander A. Fitzgerald, recently doing business at 401 Chestnut street, whose arrest was mentioned in *The Press* yesterday. A large number of letters were read, of a similar character to those already mentioned, showing the nature of the business carried on by the defendants—offering inducements for persons to invest small sums of money, in the hope of drawing as prizes valuable articles of jewelry.

Mayor Henry was examined as a witness, and testified that his name, which appeared upon the circulars issued by the defendants, was used without his knowledge or consent.

Mr. Fitzpatrick, the auctioneer, on Chestnut street above Sixth, testified that the defendants had business transactions with him for jewelry, amounting to $400 or $500, chiefly for small articles valued at twenty-five cents each, and even lower rates. These articles were the same which the defendants asserted in their circulars were genuine gold, and rated as being worth two and three dollars each.

The defendants were committed by Ald. Beitler, in default of $2,000 bail each, to answer at Court the charge of obtaining money under false pretences, and keeping up a lottery, contrary to the laws of the Commonwealth, "in such cases made and provided." They made several ineffectual efforts to obtain bail, but were finally taken down in the Black Maria. They grumbled very much at this, alleging that they were gentlemen, and should have had a private coach to convey them to the "jug;" as one very jocosely remarked, "We've been used to keeping our own horses." They afterwards, we believe, obtained bail.—*Phila. Daily Papers.*

A STRANGE STORY.

In the St. Louis Republican we find the following:

A somewhat singular occurrence took place a few nights since in one of our insurance offices. A young man—whose name we choose to withhold—employed as clerk in the office, which is located in the third story of the building, was engaged in writing at the desk, between nine and ten o'clock at night. No one else was present or in the immediate vicinity, all the adjoining offices having been closed at nightfall. While thus engaged in writing, he was suddenly interrupted by a man whose entrance he had not noticed, who inquired if Mr. McCulloch was in. The clerk replied that he was not, and that he knew of no man of that name employed anywhere about the premises. Having made this reply, he commenced writing again. Two or three minutes later he discovered that his strange intruder had not moved from the position which he first assumed, and the inquiry and attendant circumstances then struck him as being somewhat singular. He immediately turned about from the desk at which he was seated, and scanned the strange gentleman's appearance, inquiring at the same time whether he had any further business.

The appearance of the stranger was rather prepossessing. He was tall, dark-featured and well-dressed. He made no response to the clerk's first interrogatory, however, but coolly gazed at him with an air of indifference. This procedure aroused the suspicions of the clerk, as well as his anger, and he repeated his first inquiry rather more distinctly, and at the same time emphatically informed the strange gentleman that unless he could give a satisfactory account of himself he should be under the necessity of hustling him out of the office. The stranger thereupon placed his hands behind him, and leisurely replied as follows: "I've been sent here, and I shall stay here." Without stopping to parley further, the clerk opened a safe near at hand, took out a revolver, and levelled it at once at his visitor, at the same time informing him that he would give him two minutes to leave the office. The stranger did not move, and did not offer any remark in return, but gazed steadily, with his hands behind him, at the clerk. The two minutes passed, and there stood the stranger, in statu quo. The clerk then took deliberate aim at him and fired. He stood within ten feet of the stranger.

He proved to be a good shot, and his bravery is unquestionable, and were we at liberty to publish his name, his numerous acquaintances would not doubt our assertions. But notwithstanding these facts, the stranger, after the discharge of the pistol, remained as immovable as ever. He exhibited no surprise whatever, and offered no remarks. The clerk was of course much astonished, and not a little startled, and was at a loss what next to do, as he had discharged the only barrel of his pistol. After the lapse of about a minute after the discharge of the pistol—during which time no words was uttered—the stranger shook his coat skirts, gave a slight shrug and walked leisurely out of the room and down stairs. The whole affair was so strange, unusual and unaccountable, that the clerk was completely nonplussed, and remained stationary for a few moments after the departure of his visitor. Suddenly rousing himself, however, he rushed down stairs into the street, but the stranger had vanished. The clerk has heard nothing from him since. The affair, every one must acknowledge, was very singular, but the circumstances occurred precisely as we have related.

[*Note.*—Probably the ball had been previously drawn from the pistol.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

TESTIMONIALS.—In America, every man who distinguishes himself in any way—with the single exception of editors—is presented with a service of plate, a gold-headed cane, a watch, or a pencil-case, by way of testimonial. In England, they have a different—and we confess that, under certain circumstances, we might think—a better fashion. English testimonials come in the shape of hard cash, and in no stinted quantity. A few years ago, the British manufacturers made Mr. Richard Cobden a present of £100,000. He invested the greater part of it in our Western railroads, and lost it. His friends are now engaged in giving him another little testimonial of £60,000. Say what we will of our English cousins, they are not wanting in generosity in money-matters. Captain Harrison, formerly of one of the Cunard steamers, and late of the Great Eastern, was drowned a few weeks ago. On a subscription being set on foot for his widow, one Liverpool merchant subscribed £500, which he said he would increase, if needful. Others gave in a similar proportion. An American, under similar circumstances, rarely gives more than £8 or £10.—*New York Mercury.*

☞ TOBACCO *versus* ALCOHOL.—Kane, the Arctic explorer, declared very shortly before he died, that it was tobacco that had enabled him to keep up the courage and spirits of his men, under their dreadful sufferings. He was opposed to their having much alcohol, and he found they would willingly go without stimulants, and preserve their equanimity and elasticity of spirits, if he did but supply them with a moderate quantity of tobacco.

☞ When, in a case of doubtful morality, you feel disposed to ask, "Is there any harm in doing this?" please answer it by asking yourself another, "Is there any harm in letting it alone?"

MISSIONARY ITINERATION IN INDIA.

BY A MISSIONARY.

The reader may have observed in the annual proceedings of the missionaries in India, that visiting the smaller stations contiguous to the one at which the mission has its headquarters is one of the principal duties of the missionary. These journeys are performed more or less frequently, according to the facilities afforded for locomotion, and the missionary advantages that are likely to be the fruits of it. Such journeys have obtained in Bengal the designation of "itinerating;" and whether the object be to attend a "conference" of the brethren alike devoted to the same sacred cause, who love occasionally, and whenever it is practicable, to meet together for mutual counsel and edification, or whether the itinerating be of a single missionary, whose object is to preach in the highways and byways to the heathen, the journeys are of constant occurrence.

The style of locomotion is varied according to circumstances—the taste and fancies, the health and strength, or, principally, the pecuniary resources of the missionary; for travelling in Bengal is very expensive unless the native vehicles are employed, and few Europeans can put up with the torture of such springless combinations of wood, iron, and string. There are no stage coaches or omnibuses as in England, no railroads worth mentioning, and to invest in the chartering of an "Inland Transit Company's Carriage," or such like conveyance, or even to travel by the orthodox style of progression known as palanquin travelling, would have the effect of clearing from the missionary's little purse his annual income at the first "itineration:" so the wits of the missionary have to be judiciously exercised; and how economy, combined with a minimum of discomfort and jolting as are attainable, not omitting a certain amount of speed and safety, are brought into play by the brethren of the district to which I am attached, and whose system of locomotion I now invariably follow, you may be glad to hear.

In a burning climate such as India, many things that in England would be considered luxurious are here nothing more nor less than actual necessaries. Among other things, it is indispensable for a missionary to have a vehicle drawn by a horse, not only to enable him to attend more effectually the different points of his always over-extended beat, but when the labors of the day are over to allow of his enjoying the refreshment of a drive in the comparatively cool evenings, when the sharer of his earthly joys, who has been immured all day within the stifling confines of a tiny bungalow, devoting herself to the education of the young and in other missionary labors, may likewise breathe a little fresh air, and so be braced up for renewed efforts. The vehicles of missionaries are decidedly of the practical rather than of the picturesque order; the primitive conveyance is generally a buggy or hooded gig; but, as the nursery in the mission-house rapidly augments, the buggy has soon to be discarded for something better adapted for numbers, and a *four-wheeled*, shandrydan, of a stunted barouche or shrivelled britska nature, is the equipage forthwith established. Not having arrived at that state of plethora as regards my own olive branches, I adhere to my pristine buggy. It is a wondrous vehicle; the wheels are limited in spokes, and, moreover, enjoy such an extent of what is technically termed "dishing," that the nave in its obscure retirement threatens an immediate disruption; then the shafts, once so elastic, now bound round rigidly with thongs of catgut and leather over strips of bamboo; then the hood of ancient form, designed for the free admission of sun and rain, but which, by domestic ingenuity, has been somewhat modified by the application of an "ugly," or canvas-painted screen, which the fingers of a fond wife, coupled with the manipulations of an aged native, a worker in leather, mutually devised and elaborated; and no trifling undertaking is it to hoist that mass of rigidity, the original hood, for the leather is obdurate to all the allurements of mollifying; oil and other such seductively softening fluids are vainly applied; there it abides, uninfluenced by everything; but, as it does furl and unfurl, its practical advantages are still retained. Well, such is the vehicle in which my diurnal peregrinations are effected. But I must not forget the prime mover of all—the indefatigable quadruped that drags it along. The horse is not quite so venerable as the buggy; but, though still able for a modest circuit of our station, morning and evening, he is by age and infirmities totally disqualified for any more extended sphere of action. And this is not peculiar to our quadruped: the equine species of the mission at large in our district are similarly circumstanced, and therefore, in our "itinerations," it is impossible to employ our horses; but even were they young and powerful, no horse in India could do the journeys, for the stations average forty or fifty miles apart—a distance which it is advisable to accomplish at one stretch.

Those whose means would allow of it would in all probability travel by palanquin, as forty miles is the customary night's run; but this would involve the requirements of eight bearers, and one for the light, or nine per stage; and as each stage is about ten miles, there would be four stages and four times nine men to pay. This, at five annas a-head, would run up to above eleven rupees, or twenty-two shillings—rather a surprising haul from the poor missionary's limited means. By using a doolie, or light cloth covered palanquin of a very inferior kind, two men per stage might be dispensed with; but the heat of the apparatus in the early morning sun, and its general discomfort, would not compensate for such a trifling gain. The bearers' shoulders must evidently be discarded, and some different scheme adopted.

Our plan, then, is to make use of our buggies, and have them drawn by the natives, who are only too glad to get the job; and thus is economy at once obtained. Four coolies are sufficient, unless the roads are intolerably bad, when supplementary aid can at any time be obtained and afforded. And coolies, moreover, are far cheaper than palanquin bearers; and by paying as you proceed, so that none of your money sticks upon any intermediate palm, each man is glad to take his stage for two annas; thus the four men cost eight annas, or one shilling a stage, equivalent to four shillings for the four stages; and as two can travel in a buggy and but one in a palanquin, the expense may be comparatively reckoned at twenty-two shillings versus two shillings, or one-eleventh of the cost—no trifling consideration in the financial budget of the Indian missionary.

The illustration represents a case of itineration. The start is generally made at sunset, so as to avoid as much as possible the effects of the morning sun, which are most powerful. My companion is the faithful "David," one of the converts, who has resided for years at the mission, assisting in the schools and attending the missionaries on their journeyings, when he is, as usual, most useful. He cannot muster up courage to harangue the heathen, but in his own quiet way he does much good, and he is highly respected. Well, David and I take up our abode for the night in the ancient vehicle; two bipeds are linked to the shafts, which they carry on their shoulders—a proceeding which has, like everything else, its disadvantages; for by the elevation an obliquity, is given to the vehicle, suggestive of rearward tendencies, especially as a great gaunt coolie, six feet high, invariably seizes hold of the shaft, and not unfrequently, from his habit of action, rears it on his head, where he is wont to carry his accustomed load; while his yoke-fellow is invariably short and squat, so that much skill would be needed in adjusting the team, were it that the buggy was symmetrical in form; but as our shafts are easily adaptable to all phases, this inconvenience does not come so amiss to us. But we have found that at times the somnolent leaders have let go, and the wheelers, suddenly roused to extra exertion, pressing down in the rear, have caused the shafts to fly up and ourselves to be somewhat discomfited, though not ejected.

Notwithstanding occasional mishaps, the convenience as well as economy of this mode of travelling is so great, that I strongly advise its adoption in those parts of India where it may not yet be known.*

A GERMAN MISSIONARY ITINERATING IN NORTHERN INDIA.

* In a volume recently published—"Rural Life in Bengal: Letters from an Artist in Bengal to his Sisters in England." (London: Thacker and Co.)—the following passage occurs:—"The Equirotal Carriage is a very late introduction indeed, and derives its name from the four wheels being of equal dimensions. The design of this conveyance, it appears, originated in a suggestion by our then Governor-General, Lord Ellenborough, for a vehicle upon two wheels, which could be used to accelerate our mails about the country. Upon this idea Mr. Cameron, coach manufacturer of Calcutta, projected the present equirotal, the design of which was that it should be drawn, not by horse or horses, but men, or dak bearers; that it should be so light in its construction that on coming to any part of a journey where the road—or the absence of a road—did not admit of a carriage, the wheels should unship, and, with their axles, be no heavier than the customary load for a banghy bearer or porter, and thus be carried on; whilst in their stead the usual poles should be inserted at either end, so that the bearers could carry the whole machine as an ordinary dak palkee."

THE WEIGHT OF CASTINGS.—To find the weight of castings from that of pine patterns, proceed as follows:—For castings of iron multiply the weight of the pattern by 12; for those of brass by 13; for those of tin by 12.2; for those of zinc by 11.2; and for those of lead by 19. Cast iron in cooling shrinks one-eighth of an inch per foot; brass, three-sixteenths of an inch; zinc, the same; tin, one-twelfth, and lead one-ninth.

☞ An actor fell through a loose trap as he was leaving the stage. Emerging instantly afterwards, he was met with a hearty laugh, and the remark of a wag, "I was sorry to see you *descend* to such 'clap-trap' manœuvres as that." "Yes," was his quick reply; "but you'll admit I never undertake anything without going *through*."

I BLAME THEE NOT!

BY CHARLES G. EASTMAN.

I blame thee not!—I knew it all
  Before a glance from thee
Could stir my heart as doth the wind
  The slumber of the sea;
I knew, before thy presence made
  Of this fair life a part,
Another, many a year had been
  The idol of thy heart.

I never strove to check a love,
  So hopeless and so bright,
Like some sweet star the schoolboy sees
  In the far heavens at night;
And though, at times, there came a thought
  That I was wronging thee,
I could not quench that star myself,
  For it was life to me.

I never wished to steal a look,
  Or thought of thine, from him;
I would not for the world have seen
  His worshiped light grow dim;
I never meant to let thee know—
  God grant I never did!—
That in my heart I nursed for thee
  A love, that love forbid.

[illegible]—hoping without hope, I knew;
  Too blest to think how fast
The hour was stealing on me when
  I *must* awake—'tis past!
The fault was mine—I knew it all—
  And yet, despite this pain,
As I have loved, I dare not say
  I should not love again.

Well! Southern suns will soon renew
  Thy cheeks' half-perished health,
While he, God bless him! proudly shares
  Thy heart's long-treasured wealth;
The bark that bears thee from the North,
  With sails set for the sea,
Is fading on the misty main—
  Good-bye to that and thee!

THE CATACOMBS OF PARIS.

So peculiar, so striking, were the Catacombs of Paris, that although upwards of a quarter of a century has passed away since I visited them, I still find them vividly reflected on the mirror of my memory; and as they have now been shut up for the last twenty years, and will probably never again be thrown open, a short sketch of my visit to them, may, perhaps, be not wholly uninteresting. As I have already said, it was some thirty years since, one fine morning, we drove forth to see the catacombs.

Shortly after passing the barrier, our carriage came to a halt, and we all alighted. Within a few yards of the road we found the entrance to the catacombs. Here we were met by a guide, who distributed two or three unlit tapers among the gentlemen of the party. This was a mere precautionary measure; but more than one rose faded from a fair cheek, as this hint of a possibility of danger was communicated to the party.

We now began a tedious descent down a corkscrew flight of steps, about 120 or 130 in number; our only light being the lighted torch carried by our cicerone. The tail of the party (for we could only go down two abreast) were left wholly in the dark. On ordinary occasions, such a circumstance would have elicited fun and frolic; but at the present moment not a titter was heard, not a joke was uttered. The rear kept as close as they could to the leading persons, apparently deeply awed at the idea of thus approaching the most extensive place of human sepulture existing in the known world.

In five minutes we had all descended, and as we gathered into a circle at the foot of the stairs, the guide held his torch on high, and waved it to and fro, the better to display the scene around us.

We were in a chamber (or rather, cellar) hewed out of the solid rock, which was somewhat elaborately arched over our heads. The height in the centre might have been about ten feet; the walls, from which the rock sprung, not more than six. The whole of this portion was covered in by human bones; white skulls formed a sort of border or cornice, and every here and there were so arranged, as to produce an ornamental pattern. At the first glance even some of the gentlemen shuddered, not from a feeling of fear, but from an instinctive horror they could not repress. Indeed, that man must have been wholly divested of feeling, who could thus find himself in an undisguised charnel-house, some eighty feet beneath the surface of the earth, without a sensation of disgust and awe—two closely, yet strangely mingling throbs.

"Look up," cried the guide; "look at the black line in the centre of the roof; should any accident befall you, and you have the misfortune to get separated, follow it till you arrive at this spot, and then ring yonder bell; it will bring you succor. There is a much thinner bar in another branch, which three British officers followed by mistake, when the English army were here, and got so entangled, that their bodies were not found for three weeks. They expired under one of the wells which lead to the surface; they probably perceived daylight, and died shouting for assistance; but no one heard them."

This was not a pleasing prologue to our day's entertainment, and the ladies did not hesitate to express their fears, at which the guide laughed heartily; but there was no responsive echo on our part.

We followed our leader through several branches extending nearly a quarter of a mile, and at length came to a circular opening, where there was erected an altar entirely formed of deformed spinal bones, and then went on between two rows of grinning skulls, till we arrived at a chamber, in the centre of which was a basin of live fish, that seemed to live in health and happiness in this strange spot; above us was one of the wells spoken of by our guide.

"What are the supposed origin of these catacombs?" asked Miss M——.

"Oh," replied our cicerone, without hesitation, "they are the great quarries from which the stone was taken by King Clovis to build Paris; they extend, in three different branches, nine miles, and one passage leads under the river almost to Montmartre."

"But how came they to be so well finished?" demanded B——.

"Oh, they were arched and ornamented by the monks, who lived in them, and only left them when the brigands and secret societies cleared them away, and took up their quarters in them."

Little Mary Smith, who is always asking foolish questions, naively demanded,

"Did they bring all these bones?"

"Not all, Mademoiselle, not all; they were turned out, or rather hunted out, about three or four centuries ago, and the king who then reigned had all these bones collected and brought here. It took fifteen years to arrange them."

"And whose bones are they?"

"That's the question; no one can tell; some say the bones of the Innocents were brought over here; some say they are those of the Protestants, who were killed in the St. Bartholomew affair; others declare they were taken out of every churchyard in Paris; while others believe them to be the skeletons of those who perished in the Great Plague."

This was the most unpleasant suggestion of all. We now began to fancy that the close smell which annoyed our olfactory nerves might be infectious; we might catch the plague; we might fall victims to some abominable contagion; already we wished ourselves out of those ghastly cellars.

We now proceeded on through a continuation of galleries, so similar in appearance, that there was little to remark. Our curiosity had been satisfied, and we now felt satiety and disgust.

All of a sudden, our guide, with his torch, disappeared. The ladies set up a general shriek, and the gentlemen, for a moment or two, vainly endeavored to dispel their fears; but alas! they had but little cheering information to give them. In less than a minute the man re-appeared, with his torch, laughing heartily at the fright he had given us.—He had dodged behind a screen of bones, and thus alarmed us; he now rejoined us, much amused at the fun; but his hilarity was of short duration, for an Irish young cousin of mine instantly knocked him down, and, as he lay sprawling, the light rolled from his hands, and had I not fortunately snatched it up, we might all have been lost in the dark and puzzling mazes of those fearful subterranean labyrinths.

The guide was raised and soothed; a five-franc piece restored his good humor, and in a few minutes we reached the ascent which led to the free air of heaven. I was glad I had seen those strange excavations. They are now shut up, probably forever and aye; but were they again open, it would require a rich bribe to tempt me to revisit them.

H. R. ADDISON.

THE STEAM RAFT;

OCEAN-TRAVEL WITHOUT DANGER.

There is little doubt that landsmen as well as landswomen, at sea, have a wholesome terror of being drowned, and a conviction that that accident is never unlikely to happen to them. The rapidity and delight with which all persons leap out of a boat, the instant that it touches the beach, after what is called a pleasure excursion, are not otherwise to be satisfactorily explained. They may reiterate, and do so many times—a fact which is in itself suspicious—how charming a voyage, how enjoyable a day they have had, but it is without any of the melancholy which pervades those who tell of a past pleasure. They are privately very well satisfied that the thing is over, and they alive to talk about it. The existence of sea-sickness is in this respect not an unmitigated evil, since we can always refuse offers of nautical excursions upon that plea; whereas our real reason for refusal is, that we do not feel personally secure upon that Main which Britannia is said by a somewhat exaggerative trope to rule. And, indeed, how should it be otherwise? The ocean is everywhere pretty deep (or deep enough for all practical purposes, so far as we are concerned), generally rather rough, and when an accident does happen upon it, there is commonly nothing left for us but swimming—and then, if we cannot swim! We landsmen are absolutely helpless in a case of shipwreck. In a carriage, if an incompetent driver suffers the horses to run away, we can seize the reins, and drive ourselves; in a railway train, one can at least leap out when we perceive a collision imminent; in a balloon, we can turn the gas off, and come down; but in a ship, we are utterly ignorant, powerless, and in the hands of others. This universal apprehension is indeed by no means without reason. The actual facts of the case are alarming beyond even what one would suppose without inquiry into them. Within the last few years there have been no less than fourteen first-class British and American ocean mail-steamers totally lost, with 2,572 lives, and two millions and a quarter of property in ships and cargo. Six of these vessels foundered no man knows where, for none survive to point out the place of their destruction. Conceive, then, what this list must swell to, together with the similar disasters among other nations, in half a century, when commerce shall have vastly increased, and it will be at once conceded that the subject is one which should interest us all in any endeavor to prevent the continuance of such a state of things.

Mr. George Catlin, author of the famous *Notes of Travel Among the North American Indians*, and known to most of us in connection with the Ojibbeway nation, has been led, through much personal experience of the peril of the sea, to devise a means for the safety of human life thereon.*

"I am not," says he, "a naval architect, and therefore am bound by no rule or custom which may have made it a necessity, from the days of Noah, to commence a vessel by 'laying the keel;' but I am free to make an innovation upon the ordinary mode, which I would propose to do, by commencing and building up the hull of an ocean-steamer without a keel, and also without a crooked timber in it. We read of our travelling friends, at the last and awful moment, when those boasted 'floating palaces' of iron have carried them into the field of danger, and can no longer afford them protection, leaping into lifeboats, which are swamped, and then, as the last—not *hope*, but *instinct*—clinging to a raft, a floating-spar, or a hen-coop, by which humble crafts their lives are saved. If passengers can ride out a gale in safety upon a raft of spars and cordage, without a biscuit to eat, after the 'noble vessel' has gone to the bottom of the ocean, why not *start* upon a raft, supplied with the necessaries and comforts of life, and, with steam, compel it to navigate the ocean?"

The two great objects of the machine in question are speed and safety, which, indeed, are in some sort identical in ocean-travel, since the quicker the transit, the less the liability to disease within and storm without. Mr. Catlin, therefore, ignores all idea of cargo, "which can be insured, and may, and probably must continue to be dragged *in shells, through* the sea," and confines his attention to passenger-ships only, travelling *upon* and *above* the surface.

"I would propose to form the solid hull of an ocean passenger-steamer, say 250 feet in length, with 40 feet beam, of squared and seasoned white pine or cotton-wood timbers; building it up by transverse, horizontal, compact layers of such timbers, of equal size, crossing each other and the hull *diagonally*, in the manner represented in the plate [which accompanies the pamphlet;] squared with a steam-saw, so as to form the most perfect solidity of timber, put together, with iron and wooden bolts, obliquely driven, and laid in heated tar or pitch, or cement; planking the sides and bottom, and covering the whole with sheathing iron; thus rendering it entirely impervious to water and to fire. The hull that I contemplate, constructed on this *diagonal* system, presenting the stiffest and strongest resistance to the accidents of the sea which human skill can devise, would be built in comparatively a short time, and being launched into its element, becomes a *raft*, upon which her upper works, her cabins, saloons, &c., being completed, she would present externally much the appearance of an ordinary steamer, though the hull, even when freighted, would be, to and above the water-line, a solid mass of timber. I thus present the anomaly of the hull of a steamer which no ocean-tempest can break—that no collision or iceberg can materially injure—that sunken rocks cannot rip open in the bottom—that cannot spring a leak—that cannot burn or carry bilge-water; and that cannot sink, unless it be charged with more than its tonnage, which would always be decided at its starting-point; for what it can start with, it can carry with safety to the remotest bounds of the ocean, if it be conducted there."

Seasoned white pine or cotton-wood log, when afloat, sinks only to or near its centre; therefore, if sawed lengthways into two equal parts, one half in the water is able to carry the other half, or nearly so, high and dry.

The hull of a steamer constructed as above, will carry, then, seasoned timber nearly equal to its own bulk and weight without bringing its deck below the water-line; and if so, reasons Mr. Catlin, it is able to carry, with its engine and fuel, a thousand passengers in spacious and splendid saloons (lined with zinc or copper to guard against fire, which, however, rarely originates *there*,) and standing upon its solid and unconsumable deck. As for the material, there are cotton-wood timbers now growing upon the banks of the Mississippi and Missouri, from fifty to one hundred feet in height, and without knot or limb, which may be had for years to come, by those who will take the pains to cut them *down and roll them into the river*. These having been perfectly squared by the steam-saw, could be bored lengthways by a steam-auger, passing through the centre, taking out the heart, and greatly lessening the weight of the timber without diminishing its strength, as it is thus converted into a cylinder; then being blocked up and hermetically sealed at the ends—so that being laid in the hull they may be perfectly air and water tight—they will be ready for shipping to any part of the world. "The hull I have proposed, constructed in this manner, perfectly shaped into the intended form, and as yet a solid mass of straight timbers, without siding, ribs, or casing of any kind, to be efficiently calked, covered with several coats of heated tar or pitch, hermetically sealing the pores of the timbers, and the joints between them, and double planked, as before mentioned; the *first* a vertical layer of planks or ribs, extending above the deck, and of sufficient height and strength to aid in the formation of the superstructure and bulwarks; and the *second*, a longitudinal layer of less thickness, and covered as aforesaid, if advisable, with sheathing iron, thus rendering it entirely impervious to water *and to fire*."

As for the water-tight compartments of the present boasted "floating palaces," Mr. Catlin *believes not in them, but considers them good for nothing, except as advertisements*. What think we of them, he inquires grimly, when they become "sinking palaces?" For, if one of the said compartments be filled with water, the vessel is thrown out of trim, and, in a heavy sea, must needs go to pieces, as in the case of the ill-fated *Lyonnais*. Again, in the ordinary steamboats, during a storm, one paddle-wheel is often deeply immersed, while the other is acting upon the surface of the water; or, the screw, alternately elevated and depressed, is deranged in its action by the force of the waves passing across the stem of the vessel. But for Mr. Catlin's steam-raft a *sub-motive* propeller is suggested. "I propose an endless chain, with floats or buckets, to be delivered by a drum of large diameter upon the deck, through the hull, near its middle, into the groove, which it follows to the stern; the floats or buckets acting upon the solid and unbroken water under the centre of the vessel, and entirely below the water-line." It is difficult, without the aid of the plates which accompany this pamphlet, to afford any very accurate idea of this propeller; or of the method by which the ballast is obtained, by breadth of beam and shallowness of draught, as well as by the groove under the centre of the hull. We can certify that it *looks* at least exceedingly promising and scientific, and demands attention if only for its ingenious simplicity. While impressing upon us the fatal dangers to which all are exposed who go down to the sea in ships of the present construction, he does not neglect to remind us of their less inconvenience, such as "that dismal and dreaded malady" of ocean-travel which is called (inadequately) sea-sickness. "Sea-sickness is, I believe, but *keel*-sickness. There is nothing sickening in the simple motion of the sea; its mountain wave is the most delightful 'swing' that was ever erected between the heavens and the earth. Man swims upon the highest wave, or rides it on a log or on a raft, with perfect pleasure, and free from sickness. Like the boy in a swing, if we check or otherwise derange his descending motion by a line attached to his toe, causing his head to descend faster than his feet, he is instantly 'sea-sick,' and glad to get his feet to the ground again. It is this complication of motion which produces sea-sickness, for which a vessel with a flat bottom and no keel (such as that Mr. Catlin proposes), would be the most probable remedy." The invention of any machine whereby we might be carried across the ocean without danger, would indeed be a revolution in ship-building: but that of one which would do so without making us sick, would be an era in civilization. The two great, and indeed only objections to ocean-travel would thus be removed. Of the practicability of Mr. Catlin's ingenious scheme, we are not qualified to speak; but we may mention that, some short time back, a solid hull, or ship-raft, built somewhat after the above fashion, but unassisted by steam, did come safely over from America to this country, where it was immediately broken up and sold as timber, in accordance with the intention of the owners.

* *The Steam-raft. Suggested as a Means of Security to Human Life upon the Ocean.* By G. Catlin. Falkner, Manchester. 1860.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S SONG.

Do not mind my crying, Papa, I am not crying for pain.
Do not mind my shaking, Papa, I am not shaking with fear!
Though the wild wind is hideous to hear,
And I see the snow and the rain.
When will you come back again,
Papa, Papa?

Somebody else that you love, Papa,
Somebody else that you dearly love,
Is weary, like me, because you're away.
Sometimes I see her lips tremble and move,
And I seem to know what they're going to say;
And every day, and all the long day,
I long to cry: "Oh, Mamma, Mamma,
When will Papa come back again?"
But before I can say it I see the pain
Creeping on her white, white cheek,
As the sweet, sad sunshine creeps up the white wall,
And then I am sorry, and fear to speak;
And slowly the pain goes out of her cheek,
As the sad, sweet sunshine goes from the wall.
Oh, I wish I were grown up wise and tall,
That I might throw my arms round her neck,
And say, "Dear Mamma, oh, what is it all
That I see and see and do not see
In your white, white face all the livelong day?"
But she hides her grief from a child like me.
When will you come back again,
Papa, Papa?

Where were you going, Papa, Papa?
All this long while have you been on the sea?
When she looks as if she saw far away,
Is she thinking of you: and what does she see?
Are the white sails blowing,
And the blue men rowing,
And are you standing on the high deck
Where we saw you stand till the ship grew gray,
And we watched and watched till the ship was a speck,
And the dark came first to you far away?
I wish I could see what she can see,
But she hides her *grief* from a child like me.
When will you come back again,
Papa, Papa?

Don't you remember, Papa, Papa,
How we used to sit by the fire, all three,
And she told me tales while I sat on her knee,
And heard the winter winds roar down the street,
And knock like men at the window pane;
And the louder they roared, oh, it seemed more sweet,
To be warm and warm as we used to be,
Sitting at night by the fire, all three.
When will you come back again,
Papa, Papa?

Papa, I like to sit by the fire;
Why does she sit far away in the cold?
If I had but somebody wise and old,
That every day I might cry and say,
"Is she changed, do you think, or do I forget?
Was she always as white as she is to-day?
Did she never carry her head up higher?
Papa, Papa, if I could but know!
Do you think her voice was always so low?
Did I always see what I seem to see
When I wake up at night and her pillow is wet?
You used to say her hair it was gold—
It looks like silver to me.
But still she tells the same tales that she told,
She sings the same songs when I sit on her knee,
And the house goes on as it went long ago,
When we lived together all three.
Sometimes my heart seems to sink, Papa,
And I feel as if I could be happy no more.
Is she changed, do you think, Papa,
Or do I dream she was brighter before?
She makes me remember my snow-drop, Papa,
That I forgot in thinking of you,
The sweetest snow-drop that ever I knew!
But I put it out of the sun and the rain;
It was green and white when I put it away,
It had one sweet bell and green leaves four;
It was green and white when I found it that day,
It had one pale bell and green leaves four,"
But it was not glad of it any more.
Was it changed, do you think, Papa,
Or did I dream it was brighter before?

Do not mind my crying, Papa,
I am not crying for pain.
Do not mind my shaking, Papa,
I am not shaking for fear;
Though the wild wind is hideous to hear,
And I see the snow and the rain,
When will you come back again,
Papa, Papa?

THE CASTLE'S HEIR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "DENESHEUVEL HOUSE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXXI.

LORD DANE'S LEVEE. THE FLAG HALF MAST HIGH.

Never sure was such a levee seen or heard of. It had no parallel in history, ancient or modern. Her majesty sometimes has a crowded court, her subjects pressing in to do her honor, but her crowds are all of that class who bask on the sunny side of life: no Lazarus must mix with them. The levee at Dane Castle was of a different nature.

It appeared that Lord Dane with his induction to the home of his ancestors, had taken a new lease of life, so well did he appear. His malady was of a nature to cause him at times excruciating agony, varied with interludes, lasting perhaps a week or fortnight, even more, of freedom from pain. His last attack at the Sailor's Rest, when he sent for Mr. Apperly, had been so violent as to induce a belief in himself and Doctor Green that the end was fast approaching, but he appeared now to have completely rallied from it. Excitement is of benefit in some cases; perhaps it had been so to him.

The castle was thrown open at ten o'clock on the morning of the levee, a brilliant morning in winter, with a blue sky and a bright sun. It was known to be Lord Dane's pleasure that all should attend it, of whatever degree, high or low; of whatever character, bad or good. Not confined to the Dives of life was it, the aristocratic few of Lord Dane's own rank, who might claim the right of entree; not confined was it to the still more scanty few of the good and great; the poor fishermen were as welcome as the exclusive gentlemen; and the poachers and smugglers were expressly told to be there. The lower end of the large hall was lined with the Dane retainers, in their handsome livery of purple, their white coats laced with silver. Bruff and Ravensbird stood behind Lord Dane: uncommonly proud was Bruff that day.

How fast the visitors flocked in, none could tell, save those who witnessed it, all pushing eagerly to welcome and do honor to Lord Dane. Had he been made of hands, there would scarcely have been sufficient to satisfy the ardent crowd. He stood with them both outstretched; he had a kind look, a low, heartfelt word for all. His son stood at his right hand, and he presented him individually to all. Wilfred Lester was also very near him, treated by him with marked affection and distinction: Lord Dane was determined to do what *he* could towards bringing Wilfred back to his proper standing in society, towards reinstating him in the respect of the world. Men saw with surprise that day that Squire Lester also paid consideration to his son: it must be remembered that the last and worst escapade, the breaking into the Hall, was not known or suspected to be *his* work.

"Ah, my lord," cried Mr. Wild, the surgeon, as he too offered his greetings to Lord Dane, "but it was not well of you to be attended by a stranger at the Sailor's Rest. Doctor Green has been but two years in the place, and I grew up in it; your father thought me skillful enough for him."

Lord Dane laid his hand on the doctor's shoulder.

"Wild," he laughed, "I appoint you surgeon in ordinary to me from henceforth: not that I shall live to employ you long; you must get my son to fall ill after I am gone, and exercise your skill on him. Why, man, don't you see the reason of my calling in a stranger instead of you. You would have known me for Harry Dane at the first glance, and would have gone crowing with the secret all over Danesheld: that would not have suited my plans just then."

Mr. Wild shook his head.

"It has taken me down a notch, though, to think that you should have called in a stranger."

When the hall was full, and people had done coming in, so far as could be judged, William Dane—no longer William Lydney—left his father's side and mixed with the crowd. Nearly the first his eye lighted particularly on, was Inspector Young.

"I hope, sir, you won't remember past times with resentment," began he, "and visit your displeasure on those who did come into power as chief of Danesheld."

"What an idea!" laughed William. "I gave you credit for better sense, Young; or at any rate believed that you would give me credit for better. You did your simple duty, and none of us can do more. We shall be famous friends," he added, holding out his hand, and the gratified man took it graspingly. His night's rest had been spoiled by the thought that he had taken into custody and treated as a common prisoner the Honorable Geoffry William Dane.

Who should William come upon next, skulking near the door behind the servants and not daring to advance, but Ben Beecher. It was the first time they had met since the midnight encounter in Squire Lester's hall: Beecher and his two companions had been keeping themselves close and quiet since, but they had ventured to the castle this day, arguing that their absence might tell against them worse than their presence; so they had assumed what bold faces they might, and followed in the wake of the stream. Their share in the exploit was known to two or three; it was perhaps suspected by Squire Lester; but there was no fear that further notice would be taken: for since the disclosure relative to his son, Squire Lester had become as anxious to hush up the affair, as he had previously been to investigate it. William Dane knew this.

"Is it you, Ben Beecher, come to pay me a visit in my own house?" he cheerily began. "More space to welcome you here, than I had at the Sailor's Rest. Why don't you come forward to my lord? your father has already had his confab out with him."

"Sir, how could you go on deceiving us and blinding us in that way?" returned Ben Beecher, in a tone of timid deprecation. "If we had dreamt that you were the Lord Dane—or as good as the lord—should we ever have let you know our secrets? Why, there's not a thing about us but what you know, even the very worst."

"I am glad I do," replied William.

"It has just stopped our fun forever!" uttered Beecher.

"I hope it has," he laughed. "That is the very best calamity that could happen to you."

"Yes, sir; but you may just have us all took up to-morrow, and transported upon your sole evidence."

"No, Beecher, I shall not do that," he gravely answered. "I would much rather keep you here, in the hope that you will be loyal dependents of mine when I do become your lord. I wish that time might be very far off, Beecher; but I fear it is all too close. You say I had knowledge of the worst: I certainly did know of your ventures in the poaching line, and I did hold to the hope that there your sins ended: I never could have believed that you would rush upon the crime of midnight housebreaking. I should have been the first to give you into custody, had I known it. What could possess you to engage—"

"Hush-sh-sh!" interrupted Beecher, glancing round him with a pale face. But the room was too full of humming commotion to afford chance of its overhearing. "The whole fault was Wilfred Lester's; he beguiled us into it; I swear he did. Sir, he never put it to us in the light of a crime; he harped upon his own wrongs, his father's cruelty, and said would we help him to get out his own deed. I'm sure what he said might have talked a regiment of saints into helping him."

"It was a crime and a disgraceful one," repeated William Dane; "all the accessories were bad. The disguising crape alone would have stamped you villains. It is all very well to lay the blame on Wilfred Lester—I do not deny he bears the chief share of it—to say the abstraction of the deed was the object; unless I am mistaken, *yours* object was the plate chest."

"When men of our sort get put right in the way of temptation, you, being what you are, sir, can't understand how well nigh impossible it is for 'em to go aside from it," was Beecher's answer.

"Let bygones be bygones, all," interrupted William.

"Once inside the house, took into it, too, by the Squire's own son, and the plate chest handy, it was hardly in the nature of man not to help themselves," pleaded Beecher. "We should never have put our necks in the noose of our own accord, but Will Lester, he took us into it; and that's how it was. If it was the last word I had to speak, we never did such a thing afore, and the fright has been such a lesson to us, that we shall never do it again. Passing on shore a bit of tobacco, or taking off a hare, or a stray goose, or a chicken, have been in our line, but not them graver things. There is a set who dodge about Danesheld and other neighboring places, as their work or the police let them, and go into worse things, and we know 'em, and are friendly with 'em, but we have never joined 'em, and we wouldn't do it, and that I declare's the truth. It was them I thought might have helped themselves to that box when it was missing, Mr. Lydney."

"Mr. Dane," corrected William, with a smile.

"Dash my memory! I wish it never had been Dane, though. Is Squire Lester going to issue a warrant against us—does he suspect it was us?" continued the man, again glancing round him.

"Whether Squire Lester suspects or not, I cannot inform you; he does not *know*. Do you know what my opinion is, Beecher?"

"What, sir?"

"That the better mode of proceeding for all parties, will be to do nothing; but to let the affair die out in silence. Were I Lord Dane, I should recommend that to Squire Lester with all my influence."

"Ah, if he would!" uttered Beecher, his eyes sparkling.

"Allow me to recommend you, all of you who were engaged in it, to be entirely silent. Never speak of it even among yourselves; never let the name of Wilfred Lester, as connected with it, escape your lips. It is the only safe plan. Were he brought to book for it, you must inevitably be brought also; my own evidence, which I should be called upon then to give, would convict you. Remember, I saw and recognized you three in the house, but I did not see him in it."

"True, true," whispered Beecher. "Oh, sir! if you would but be merciful to us, and keep our counsel! We'd promise faithfully never to go upon your lands in return for it. I'm sure if we had known, that night, that it was the young Lord of Danesheld who pounced upon us in the hall, and not Mr. Lydney, I for one should have been fit to go and hang myself. As to splitting upon Wilfred Lester, we should never do that, for our own sakes."

"Beecher, will you make a bargain with me? If I undertake that—through my influence, or my father's, with Squire Lester—you shall never be proceeded against for this midnight crime, even should your participation in it come to Squire Lester's ears, will you promise, on your parts, to drop the disreputable lives you have hitherto been leading, eschew expeditions against game and game-keepers, and let the Dane lands alone?"

"Yes, we will," answered Beecher, eagerly.

"In our first encounter in the wood, which you may not have forgotten, I told you that it was no business of mine did you prowl about the Dane preserves all day, a gun in one hand and snares in the other, seeing they were not mine. Virtually they were mine, at least my father's, but actually they were in possession of him who was then called Lord Dane. I told you also, that if they were mine, the affair would be very different. You must see that it is, Beecher. It is my duty now to protect the lands, and I shall do it."

"I can't gainsay it, my lord," returned Beecher, who seemed lost in thought.

"What slips of the tongue you do make!" merrily cried William. "I am no more 'my lord' than I am Mr. Lydney;' you were *dressing* of the future, I expect. The — lord, Mr. Herbert, had a reverence for game, people say; I have more reverence for one man's well doing than I have for all the game in England; nevertheless, I respect and shall uphold the game laws. Cannot you and I contrive to remain friends, Beecher, in spite of them?"

"Friends!" echoed the man, with deep feeling.

"I said friends. It will be your fault if we are not. You cannot suppose I shall take advantage of the past in any way; of the knowledge which circumstances brought to me touching your pursuits. You once said, Beecher, that had you been dealt with in a kinder spirit, you might have been different men. Suppose you begin to be so from this day, and I will help you. Wrong doings will not fit you for the next world, or speak for you when you get there."

Beecher made no answer; his face was working.

"You shall have constant work on the estate, and be well paid for it in fair wages; a more safe and certain living, that, than what you obtain from your night expeditions. The estate has been well kept up, but its laborers have been neglected; I shall hope to go upon a different plan, to make it a model one."

"The estate or the men?" cried Beecher, with little regard to the laws of grammar.

"Both," smiled William Dane. "The men must be true to me, and I shall be true to them. They must give me their best service, not eye service, and I will ever consider their true interests in a kind and watchful spirit; in short, I intend that we should be friends in the best sense of the word, they and I, identifying our interest one with the other. Will you be one, Beecher?"

The man half stole his hand out before he answered.

"Ay, I will, sir; I'll do as you wish me; for I'm pretty near tired of the life I have led."

"A bargain! and we will neither of us go from it," whispered William as he shook it.

But there was another colloquy, one perhaps more interesting to the reader, taking place in a further corner of the apartment! and those, holding it, were Herbert, ex-Lord Dane, and Richard Ravensbird.

"Concealment for us all is over with its necessity, Ravensbird," Herbert Dane was observing. "Your conduct of the past puzzled me: let me hear its explanation."

Ravensbird looked at him steadily.

"Are you speaking of the time of the accident, sir? when my master fell from the heights?"

"I am. I thought your manners then were remarkably strange. To begin with, you protested to me that you could lay your finger upon the man who had caused it. What induced you to say that? and to whom did you allude?"

"Shall I speak out freely, sir? I must, if I speak at all."

"I wish you to speak out: otherwise I should not have desired you."

"Then, sir, I entertained no manner of doubt that my master had been deliberately pushed over; murdered. And I believed it was you who had done it."

"The doubt was upon me at the time that you suspected me. But why should you have done so?"

"Because I knew that both you and he were after my Lady Adelaide. I was his servant, firm to his interests, and it was I who told him she favored you, and not him. I had been the previous evening in the ruins, and I saw your meeting with her. Sir, why frown upon me in that haughty manner? I am speaking out at your request, but I can be silent if you will. I told my master that you and she were in the habit of meeting there, and I got kicked out for it. When, that same night, a struggle took place on the heights close to the ruins, ending in my master's destruction, I naturally looked abroad for motives that might have induced it.—Danesheld gave me the credit for it. *I* knew that I was innocent—that I had not been near the place; and my own suspicions naturally flew to you. I felt as certain, Mr. Herbert, that you had done the deed, as that I had not done it, and if I could have entertained doubt at all, you yourself, sir, drove it away."

"In what manner?"

"You told me that you could hang me—that the threats against Captain Dane which I had uttered in your presence in the morning, would be sufficient to hang me, if you chose to disclose them. I said to you, then, why did you not hang me: and you replied that you would not go out of your way to do it, for you had no ill-will against me, and that if you got me hung on the nearest tree, it would not recall the past, or bring the dead back to life. I had my common sense about me, and I knew that if you were innocent, you would be the first to tell of those threats. I was but an obscure servant; you were one of the Danes, and *his* cousin. Just for a little moment that story of the packman staggered me; but I soon threw it away as worthless. Sir, you and I were playing a crafty game with each other then; you saw I suspected you, I felt sure that you saw it; you urged me that it would be better if I quitted Danesheld; I answered that I should stay in it, and I boldly demanded of you the preference, when you were granting the lease of the Sailor's Rest. Mr. Herbert, I felt that you would not dare to refuse me."

"What could have been your attraction to Danesheld?" inquired Herbert Dane. "One would have thought you would be glad to quit it, after having been arrested for the murder."

"That is just the reason I remained in it, sir. I felt as certain that the time would come when I should be cleared, as certain as that the cloud had fallen. It occurred to me at the time to declare my suspicions to Lord Dane; but in the first place I had no proof that it was you, and in the second my lord was so bitter against me, believing I was the transgressor, that he would probably have refused all credit to anything I might have said. Thank a good Providence that it is at last cleared!" fervently continued Ravensbird, "and in a brighter manner than any of us expected."

"Ay," echoed Herbert Dane, in a tone of unmistakable relief. "If I lose my wealth and honors, Ravensbird, I gain peace. There is one thing never accounted for: your absence from the Sailor's Rest for an hour and a half that same night, and your refusal to state where you were."

"I was in no mischief," answered Ravensbird, a comical look on his grim countenance. "I was doing a bit of courting, and I did not choose to proclaim my private affairs for the benefit of Danesheld. I had spoken a hasty word to Sophie when I left the castle, in the morning, and whispered her to meet me in the evening, when my Lady Adelaide should be dressed for dinner. Sophie came, and we were pacing about in the field path behind the castle all the while. It was bright moonlight."

"Pray did you honor me by imparting your suspicions of me to Sophie—after the catastrophe occurred?"

"Not I, sir," returned Ravensbird, shaking his head. "Sophie's no better than other women, where the tongue is concerned, and it would pretty soon have been all over Danesheld. I never disclosed them, Mr. Herbert, to a living soul; if I suspected you myself, I did not do you the injury of trying to put you wrong with others. Many and many a time, though, have I wondered that Sophie did not suspect, because she knew about you and Lady Adelaide, and also that I imparted it to Captain Dane before he kicked me out; but she never seemed to glance at that phase of the question, and I was glad she did not."

"You must have been thunderstruck when the life boat brought *him* ashore."

"Thunderstruck!" echoed Ravensbird, "that's not a strong enough word, sir; there's no part of speech in the English language that is: and I thought what a jackass I had been, to mistake that body, cast up, for his. I did not know him till—let me see, I think it was the next night: he had kept himself covered over with the bedclothes, and hid his face with that purple shade, so that I had not had any look at him, to speak of. The next night he began talking about Danesheld, saying he had once been near the place; and what with his astonishment at hearing of its changes, and what with finding that I was as true and attached to him as ever I had been in my life, why he pushed the shade up and let me see his features. The surprise pretty well knocked me down. We were obliged to tell Sophie, because she would have recognized him as readily as I, and he could not always keep his face hid; and his eyes got well directly, affording no excuse for the shade.—How Sophie succeeded in keeping the secret, and mortifying her tongue as long as she did, will always be a joke against her; but my lord threatened her with unheard-of penalties if she disclosed it."

"You must have known that Captain Dane, when he fell, had a son living in America?"

"Of course I knew it, sir, but I did not consider I was bound to disclose it. I like to let other people's business alone. I argued that the young gentleman, who was then fourteen, would be safe to come over and see after his father, and it would be time enough then for me to bear testimony here that he was truly his son. When the years went on, and Master William never came, I used to fear he was dead, and wondered who had inherited all the money. But that I did not care to leave the inn and Sophie to take care of themselves, I might have gone over to the States to see how it was, for the lad was always a favorite of mine; worth his weight in gold: and thankful I am that he has turned up all right at last."

The levee came to an end, and the castle resumed its quietness. Herbert Dane remained for the present the guest of Lord Dane, as did Wilfred Lester and his wife: and the strange sensation caused by the return was beginning to subside in Danesheld.

A family dinner party was about to be held in the castle, no guests invited, save the Lesters and Miss Bordillion. Miss Dane, who still officiated as the castle's mistress, made her appearance in the drawing-room on the appointed evening, a perfect marvel of gauze, ringlets, flowers, and pretty colors. Edith was with her, quiet and sad; and soon arrived Lady Adelaide, her husband, and Maria, next, Miss Bordillion. In short, all had assembled except Lord Dane.

"Dinner is served, my lord," announced Bruff, throwing wide the door for them to pass out: but William spoke hastily.

"His lordship is not here yet, Bruff."

"Oh,—I beg your pardon, sir. I understood James to say that dinner was being waited for."

"Bruff, you had better apprise my lord," called out Miss Dane.

He went across the corridor to Lord Dane's room, and knocked at it. There was no reply. Bruff knocked again. Still there came no answer, and the man then tried the door. It was fastened. He went back to the drawing-room, and beckoned out William.

"Sir, I can't get into my lord's room, and I cannot make him hear. I fear he must be ill."

"Dead," was on Bruff's tongue, remembering the precarious state of Lord Dane, but he did not utter it. William hastened to the door. The rest, who had caught sight of Bruff's alarmed countenance, followed him. William put up his finger for silence, and his ear to the door, but not a sound was heard.

"My dear father, are you ready? We are waiting for you," he said, in a clear, distinct voice.

No response.

"Do pray just speak one word, Lord Dane, if only to assure us you are not in a fit," cried Miss Dane, in coaxing and trembling accents, for she was easily alarmed. "Harry, then! won't you speak?"

"I shall break open the door," said William, hurriedly. "Had you not better"—he looked at the ladies—"go back to the drawing room?"

The door was forced, and there lay Lord Dane on the bed. He was not dead, but he appeared to have fainted: feeling ill, he had probably thrown himself on the bed for a few minutes' rest.

"Mr. Wild and Dr. Green, instantly," whispered William to Bruff.

Lord Dane revived to speech and consciousness before they arrived, but death was upon him.

"The night will close it, William," he said, "but I have waited for it long. Maria," taking her hand, "you will be William's wife?"

"Yes," she answered, through her tears.

"Don't wait for months and months to elapse first, because I have but just gone," he continued to them both. "Remember, it is my wish that you marry shortly: and I leave my blessing upon it. William will be lonely here alone. Where is Adelaide?" he resumed, looking round, after a pause.

She had remained in the drawing-room with Miss Dane. One of them went for her.

"Come close to me, Adelaide," he said, when she came in: "stand by your husband; between your husband and Wilfred. Old grim Death has come for me, child: but I must say a few words to you before he penetrates quite in. Did it ever occur to you that you must sometime lie were I am lying?—on your death-bed?"

Very pale and troubled looked Lady Adelaide, but she did not answer.

"There is but one thing will serve you when you come to it—a clear conscience. I look back now on my past life, and vainly gasp forth the yearning wish that I had in many cases acted differently: though, of wilful injustice, I cannot charge my memory. It is not, however, to tell of my faded life, my sins and my atonements, that I speak: they lie between me and my merciful Father, to whom I am hastening. Adelaide, when you come to this hour, what will your conscience say to you for the manner in which you have treated Wilfred Lester?"

She burst into tears: the last sentence was uttered imperatively.

"My dear, you have been guilty of terrible injustice: and I think that your eyes must have had perverting scales thrown before them," pursued Lord Dane. "Wilfred is your husband's eldest son, he has an equal right to partake of his substance with your own children, but you have driven him upon the world without means or resource, that they might enjoy the more. Do you imagine that injustice such as this, can be acceptable to God; or that it will be permitted to prosper?"

A deep silence: broken only by the sobs of Lady Adelaide.

"You must change this course of conduct, and repair the injury, if you would obtain peace at last. I speak to you, more than to Lester, because you have been the chief actor and mover. What could possibly have so set you against Wilfred Lester?"

"It was Tiffle," broke out Lady Adelaide, in her emotion. "She is always exciting me against him."

Fig. 1

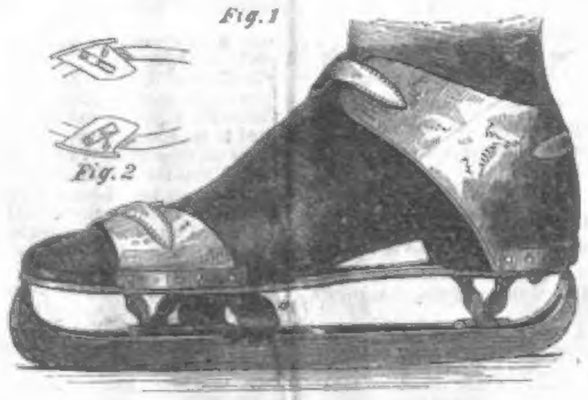

Fig. 2

FOGG'S IMPROVED SKATE.

Of the numerous improvements in skates suggested by the fashionable and truly delightful exercise of skating, there is none more novel than the one here illustrated.

This skate has two parallel runners, from one-half to three-fourths of an inch apart, firmly connected together and joined by a hinge to the wood, in the manner plainly shown in the cut, Fig. 1. This hinge allows the wood, and with it the foot of the wearer, to turn down sideways, while the runners preserve their parallel position on the ice, thus very materially relieving the ankle from that strain which is the most fatiguing part of the exercise. A stiff spring, *a*, is firmly secured at the middle to the bottom of the wood and has its ends bent down between the runners, pressing against their inner sides, and preserving the wood in a horizontal position except when the power of the spring is overcome.

The mode of fastening this skate to the foot is remarkably simple, convenient, and effectual. Two plates, *b b*, Fig. 2, are secured to the toe of the skate, by bolts passing through inclined slits in the plates, so that the plates may be adjusted both to the length and to the width of the foot of the wearer. Similar plates, adjustable in the same manner, are attached to the heel of the skate, and when all these plates have been fitted to the size of the foot, they are screwed fast and will remain firmly fixed in their position. The plates have raised lips at their edges, which, with the straps and buckles, not only hold the skate in the most effectual manner to the foot, but permit it to be put on and taken off with the utmost possible facility.

Besides the extraordinary ease to the ankle of the wearer, this skate runs with unusual smoothness on the ice, and is considered a decided improvement on all the styles hitherto invented.

The patent for this invention was granted on the 4th of September, 1860; and further information in relation to it may be obtained by addressing the inventor, Luther Fogg, at Boston, Mass.—*Scientific American.*

"Show Tiffie the door," returned Lord Dane, with a touch of his old fire. "I must leave you reconciled."

He took Wilfred's hand in his open palm, and looked at hers. She immediately put hers into it. Mr. Lester did the same.

"And now yours, Edith," said Lord Dane.

The four hands were clasped together, token of the reconciliation, the good feeling, that from that hour was to dawn upon them.

"Love and unity," murmured Lord Dane. "Strew your path with them, and they will stand by to serve you ever: scatter it with thorns, and they will turn and prick you at the last. Adelaide, they are my dying words to you!"

All too quickly, there was another levee at the castle: but this time the world came in with saddened paces and subdued tread, pressing on to the death-room. The flag floated half mast high over the gate, and the trestles stood on the flag floor, bearing their bier: William Henry, seventeenth Baron Dane, lay on it.

Never were there half the followers at any funeral of the Danes, as at this. The interment took place on a cold, bright day, the blue sky overhead, and the white snow covering the ground and the landscape. A marked contrast did that long sable train present, all walking, to the glitter of the snow, as they wound round from the castle gates to the private chapel at a short distance; *not* the chapel of the ruins. The officiating clergyman advanced first in his surplice and hood: the coffin was borne next, attended by its pall-bearers; after it, bareheaded and alone, walked Geoffry William, now Lord Dane; behind him came Herbert Dane and Squire Lester; next, the Earl of Kirkdale and Wilfred Lester; others followed; and last, the servants, Bruff and Ravensbird heading them. And thus the true William Henry Dane was at length consigned to the vault of his ancestors, side by side with that unknown stranger who had been buried for him.

Mr. Apperly produced the will on their return to the castle. It was dated but very recently, after the late lord had taken up his abode at it. A handsome sum was bequeathed absolutely to Herbert Dane, equivalent to twelve hundred a-year; Miss Dane gained an annuity of three hundred. A remembrance was left to Lady Adelaide, and five thousand pounds to Wilfred Lester, as "a thank offering for having saved my life, and that of one far more precious to me, my dear son, Geoffry William." A thousand pounds was left to Bruff, and two thousand pounds to "my faithful friend and servant, Richard Ravensbird;" a like sum, two thousand pounds, was directed to be equally divided between the castle servants, and the rest of his large fortune was bequeathed to his son, not counting the revenues of Dane, which came to him by law.

"What a wealthy man he has died!" quoth the gossips.

So he had. But he had spent nothing like the whole of his income abroad. William Lydney had been fully justified in asserting that Squire Lester was entirely welcome to Maria's fourteen thousand pounds.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

WHO LOVE FLOWERS.—Flowers seem intended for the solace of ordinary humanity: children love them; quiet, tender, contented, ordinary people love them as they grow; luxurious and disorderly people rejoice in them gathered. They are the cottager's treasure; and in the crowded town, mark, as with a little broken fragment of rainbow, the windows of the workers in whose heart rests the covenant of peace. Passionate or religious minds contemplate them with fond, feverish intensity; the affection is seen severely calm in the works of many old religious painters, and mixed with more open and true country sentiment in those of our own pre-Raphaelites. To the child and the girl, the peasant and the manufacturing operative, to the grisette and the nun, the lover and monk, they are precious always. But, to the men of supreme power and thoughtfulness, precious only at times; symbolically and pathetically often to the poets, but rarely for their own sake. They fall forgotten from the great workmen's and soldiers' hands. Such men will take, in thankfulness, crowns of leaves or crowns of thorns—not crowns of flowers.—*John Ruskin, M. A.*

ST. ANTHONY AND THE SHOEMAKER.—RELIGION IN COMMON LIFE.—Anthony the Hermet was told, in a dream, that there was a shoemaker in Alexandria, who was to be the sharer of his immortal glory. Anthony was astonished, and hastened to Alexandria to see him; for he thought that the shoemaker must be a most excellent and highly-gifted man, to be fit for his company in heaven.—When he came to him, he found him at his work, by which he supported his family, and said to him: "My friend, I know that you serve God faithfully—I pray you tell me what you do, what you eat, what you drink, how or when do you pray? Are you in the habit of watching and praying all night?" "By no means," said the shoemaker; "but morning and evening I thank God for his gracious protection; and I pray that He will forgive all my sins, for Christ's sake; then I pray that he would continue to guide me by His Holy Spirit, and not give me up to temptation. When I have offered my prayers, I again go diligently to my leather, and work for the support of my family; beyond this I do nothing, except to take care that I do nothing against my conscience."—*Luther's Table Talk.*

☞ FRANCO-ENGLISH.—A French gentleman rescued from a ducking in the Thames, and taken to an adjacent tavern, was advised to drink a tumbler of very hot brandy-and-water, and thus addressed the waiter who was mixing it: "Sir, I shall thank you not to make it *a fortnight*." "A fortnight!" replied Joe; "hadn't you better take it directly?" "Oh, yes," said monsieur, "directly, to be sure, but not a fortnight, not *two week*."

MEN I HAVE KNOWN.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

Reminiscences of the late poet and banker have recently been published; but they tell us little about him, except that he kept a sort of note memorandum of what happened to be said by certain distinguished men when in his company. The record is very scanty, and much of it so curt and fragmentary as to have no applicable meaning, and the bard of "Memory" himself has no figure on the cartoon. What I remember of him possesses little of "the pleasures of memory," and may perhaps be as little interesting; but he filled for many years a singular space in the public eye, and a few touches may include him in my miniature gallery of "Men I have Known."

Rogers was reputed a wit, and did say some good things; but many of the best were said by others, and fathered upon him (as the use is,) especially when there was any bitterness in the joke, which was his characteristic. His going to Holland House by the Hammersmith stage-coach (in days when cabs and omnibuses were unknown,) and asking the loitering driver what he called it, is not one of his worst: being answered, "The Regulator," he observed that it was a very proper name, as all the rest *go by it*. Luttrell and Rogers were intimate friends and rival wits, and disliked each other accordingly. I have used the word friend, but it did not appear that the nonogenarian (whatever he might have enjoyed half a century before) had any friends. I never saw about him any but acquaintances or toadies. Had he outlived them? No: he was not of a nature to have friends. He was born with the silver spoon in his mouth, and had never needed a friend in his long, easy journey through life. The posthumous laudation lavished upon him by his political cronies, was purely of the *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* kind. He never received that coin when alive; for, if the truth be told, his liberality and generosity were small specks which could not bear blazon, and he was radically ill-tempered. Now, nobody can love a cantankerous person, even though placed in such fortunate circumstances as not to be always offensive. His whole career was too sunny. There were neither clouds nor showers to nourish the sensitive plants which adorn humanity—nothing but showy sunflowers. No lovely dew-dipped blossoms; no sweet buddings of refreshing scent; no soft green tufts sending up grateful incense, as when varying seasons produce their beneficial influence, and the breezes and the rains (ay, the storms) from heaven serve but to root and expand the spirit's growth.

Few men who have had nothing but an even tenor of their way, are duly touched with feeling for the distresses of their fellow creatures, which they have never experienced. In the absence of any higher motive to benevolence there was not even a trace of *bon hommie* about Roger. Sarcasm and satire were his social weapons. Kindness and geniality do not crop out in any account of him that I have seen; and this negative [illegible] care to know much. The constant little bickering competitions between him and Luttrell were very entertaining to some minds. They met once, and did not squabble. It was in the Crystal Palace into which they were both wheeled in chairs, when no longer able to walk!*

Taste, or in another word, refinement, like avarice or gluttony, tends essentially to selfishness; and in Rogers I marked a signal type of the class, with a very small modicum of the redeeming feeling which occasionally qualifies it. I have known men of the most refined taste who were also distinguished by the sweetest of human sympathies. In these, however, taste was only a lesser component part of the being, not a ruling and engrossing passion—if passion it can be called, which is so abstractedly passionless.

In his writing, as in his daily life, Mr. Rogers was fastidious. In correcting the press only Campbell could equal him for anxiety to polish. On one occasion I chanced to see a sheet of one of his poems ("Italy," I think) as it was passing through the printer's hands, and pointed out some very slight errors. The reader told him of this hypercriticism (for it was nothing more,) and he cancelled the whole of the impression, and introduced the required alterations at the expense of above £100. In other respects he would not be guilty of anything like extravagance. On the contrary, there was a curious spice of the miser-economy in his nature. He was fond of going to evening parties, at-homes, conversaziones, or however called by fashion; and instead of being attended by his carriage, as a wealthy man, he would walk home with his umbrella. It was upon an occasion of this kind that he met with the accident which crippled him during his later years, and no doubt hastened his death. Yet, when his bank was robbed, he did not show the least regret for his loss, only an intense desire to discover the plunderers.

His almost open breakfast parties, of three or four artists or literary men who had the *entree*, were pleasant enough, from the news and gossip gathered into them; and his dinners, wisely limited in the number of the guests, abounding in luxuries, usually graced by distinguished individuals, and sometimes by most interesting groups, must be classed among those high social enjoyments which few have the means to command, and fewer still know how to accomplish and appreciate.

His personal appearance was extraordinary, or rather, his countenance was unique. His skull and facial expression bore so striking a likeness to the skeleton pictures which we sometimes see of Death, that the facetious Sydney Smith (at one of the dressed evening parties I have spoken of) entitled him the "Death-dandy!" and it was told (probably with truth) that the same satirical wag inscribed upon the capital portrait in his breakfast-room, "Painted in his life-time."

With*al, Rogers possessed refined and elegant tastes; and his cultivation of poetry exalted his mind above its inherent worldliness, as far as was possible in one devoid of the nobler influences which transform and elevate humanity.

* This meeting reminds me of the story of Lord North and Colonel Barre meeting at Tunbridge Wells Spa, when both were blind with age. "Ah, Colonel," said the witty ex-Premier, "you used to abuse me much in the House, and I retorted; but now we should be very glad to see each other."

POLITICAL NEWS.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

NEW YORK.—The full returns of New York State, most of them official, foot up as follows:—

President.		*Governor.*	
Lincoln,	361,210	Morgan, (Rep.)	335,639
Fusion,	312,367	Kelly, (Fusion)	294,317
		Brady, (Breck.)	19,646
Lincoln's maj.	48,843	*Universal Negro Suffrage*	
Total vote,	673,577	Against	273,073
		For,	173,477

By the Constitution of New York, a negro who possesses $250 is allowed to vote. The question was as to extending the right to all negroes.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The official aggregates are as follows: Lincoln, 267,227; Fusion, 179,809; Douglas, 14,482; Bell, 12,755; Lincoln's plurality over Fusion, 88,418; majority over all opposition, 61,181. The whole vote of the State is 472,273, while that of New York is 673,577. These two States together have cast 1,145,850 votes.

MARYLAND.—The official vote is Breckinridge, 42,511; Bell, 41,785; Douglas, 5,953; Lincoln, 2,895. Breckinridge's plurality over Bell, 726.

The vote on the Free Negro Law, in nine counties, was, For, 4,301; Against, 18,789.—Majority against, 9,488.

ILLINOIS.—The vote (though not official) is set down as follows:—

Lincoln received	172,545
Douglas "	160,549
Bell "	4,846
Breckinridge	2,273
Total vote cast,	342,212
Lincoln over Douglas,	11,996
Lincoln over all,	4,878

Illinois stands fourth in the list of voting States, being next to Ohio, and not far behind her.

MISSOURI.—Douglas seems to have carried Missouri after all. The St. Louis Republican has returns from all but five counties, which foot up as follows:

Douglas,	58,039
Bell,	57,485
Breckinridge,	58,155
Lincoln,	16,979

Douglas has, so far, 554 majority over Bell, and the Republican thinks it is scarcely possible for the counties yet to come in to change the result.

NORTH CAROLINA.—The following is the official vote:—

Breckinridge and Lane,	48,539
Bell and Everett,	44,990
Breckinridge's majority,	3,549

Douglas and Johnson received 2,701 votes in the State.

KENTUCKY.—The following is the official vote of the State:—

Bell and Everett,	66,016
Breckinridge,	52,836
Douglas,	25,644
Lincoln,	1,366
Total,	36,512

Of Lincoln's vote in Virginia, 990 votes were in the four "pan-handle" counties, which lie between Ohio and Pennsylvania.

HOW THE PRESIDENT IS ELECTED.—The successive steps in the election of Electors for President and Vice President of the United States to be taken after the November election are as follows:

1st. By the Act of 1792 these Electors are to meet on the *first* Wednesday in December after, in their respective States, to cast their votes.

2d. These votes, when cast, are to be certified by the Electors, and *sealed* up and sent to the President of the Senate.

3d. On the *second* Wednesday in February after, the sealed certificates of the Electors are to be broken open and the votes counted, and the result declared in the presence of Congress.

☞ Riches, without meekness and thankfulness, do not make any man happy; but riches with them remove many fears and cares. Therefore our advice is, that you endeavor to be honestly rich or contentedly poor; but be sure that your riches are honestly got or you spoil all. For it is said: "He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping."

☞ You will seldom or never keep yourself from falling, if you cannot recover yourself when you first begin to totter.

☞ A fellow that doesn't benefit the world by his life does it by his death—thus every man is a benefactor of his race.

FOREIGN NEWS.

VICTOR EMMANUEL KING OF NAPLES—GARIBALDI RESIGNS THE DICTATORSHIP, &c.

The Arago arrived on the 25th, with dates to the 13th.

The King of Sardinia has formally accepted the Sovereignty of Naples.

Garibaldi resigned the Dictatorship, and retired to his island home.

Later advices from Chiua state that it is reported that the settlement of the negotiations for peace had been delayed on a question of money and a unity of understanding.

The allied army was marching for Pekin, where Sang-Kee Linsin had a large force posted to defend the city.

Lord Elgin was to follow the troops on the 9th of September.

The army reached the Yang-tsin-Yeh on the 10th. The coolies were deserting, and carriage was difficult.

Gen. Garibaldi has issued a farewell address to his late army, concluding by telling his companions in arms that an army of a million of men will be wanted to follow him again to a fresh conflict, which is likely to break out in Italy in March next.

LIVERPOOL, Saturday, Nov. 10.—The African mail steamer has arrived, and reports the slave trade as brisk. The American bark Lawretta is reported as having sailed from Whydah, September 28th, with six hundred slaves. The American bark Buckeye had also sailed a few days previously, with a full cargo.

SIEGE OF GAETA.—Despatches from Naples state that the Piedmontese are vigorously pushing on the siege of Gaeta. Troops and a siege train have been landed at the small town of Mola di Gaeta, and the Piedmontese headquarters have been advanced to Hisse. On the 4th inst. a Sardinian frigate stood into the Bay of Gaeta to reconnoitre. It was ascertained that the defences were in good condition, and that numerous redoubts and other piled works had been thrown up so as to command the road to Gaeta.

A Milan paper says that Lord John Russell's despatch is just now of more value to Italy than would be a decisive battle.

Gen. Lamoriciere has left Rome on a ten months' leave of absence.

THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET.—LONDON, Nov. 10.—The usual banquet was given last night by the new Lord Mayor of London.—Count de Persigny, the French Ambassador, and the Sardinian Minister were the only Representatives of European powers present.

The Lord Mayor, in giving the toast of the Army and Navy, spoke of the volunteers as the pride and boast of the country. General Peel and the Duke of Somerset returned thanks.

The Count de Persigny replied to a toast to the Foreign Ambassadors, and Lord Palmerston to one in compliment to her Majesty's Ministers.

The Prince of Wales's squadron had been signalled off Portland.

It is reported, but the authority is doubtful, that the Allied powers have arranged a treaty of peace with China.

The Paris correspondent of the London Post says the dissolution of the Pope's army is positive. But a simple guard of three thousand men will be left to him.

The monthly returns of the Bank of France show a decline in cash, of twenty-five and a third millions of francs.

About fifteen thousand Neapolitan troops, seven thousand horses, and thirty-two guns, being pursued by the Sardinians, took refuge in the Papal States at Zerrucino. At Casherna their progress was arrested by the Papal and French authorities, and they will be at once disarmed.

The Post's Paris correspondent transmits the following despatch:—"It is not true that the Anglo-French expedition to China will advance to Pekin. The envoys of the two powers, with their suites, and probably guards of honor, will go to the capital, where the conditions of the new treaty of peace will be signed. In virtue of a clause in a former treaty, an English and French minister will be accredited to Pekin, where they will reside.

The official result of the Sicilian election on annexation is given as follows:—

Ayes,	432,057
Noes,	6,067

Letters from Naples, in the Times and Daily News, state that Gavazzi had been threatened in his own house, by a crowd which assembled outside, and cried, "Death to Gavazzi!" A detachment of the National Guard remained there during the day. Garibaldi has confirmed certain privileges which he had conferred on Gavazzi, and the padre was to preach on the following day.

LIVERPOOL, November 13th.—Flour dull and 6d. lower. Wheat dull and 2@4d. lower on the week. Corn declining and holders are pressing on the market; the prices 6d.@1s. lower. Provisions steady. Corn—Mixed 37s. 6d.@38s. Beef dull. Pork steady. Bacon steady. Lard firm at 63@64s. Tallow slightly advanced.

Cotton closed quiet, and nominally unchanged, though the quotations are barely maintained.

PRODUCE.—Ashes—Pots are steady; Pearls steady. Sugar firm, and slightly advanced. Coffee firm. Rice steady.

Rosin dull at 5s. 4d.@5s. 5d., and 5s. 3d., to arrive. Turpentine spirits dull at 34s. 6d.

STATE OF TRADE.—The Manchester advices are unfavorable.

LONDON MARKETS.—Baring & Brothers report Breadstuffs quiet. Iron—Welsh Rails steady; Bars steady at £5 5s.@£5 15s. Sugar firm. Rice firm. Coffee steady. Tea quie.

LONDON MONEY MARKET.—Consols 93¼@93⅝ for money and account. The bullion in the Bank has decreased £280,000 during the week.

AMERICAN STOCKS.—Baring Brothers report that State Stocks and Panama Railroad shares have considerably declined.

Illinois Central 31@29 per cent. discount.
New York Central 75@78 " "
Erie R. R. Stock 29@31 " "

THE CABINET.—*Washington, Nov. 24.*—The dangers that at one time threatened a possible breaking up of the Cabinet have passed, and it is understood that they are now all a unit on the secession question.

AUGUSTA, Nov. 25.—The speech of Mr. Memminger, delivered recently at Greenville, South Carolina, advocated the secession of the State, but said, at the same time, that it was impossible without a war with the general Government. He urged thorough preparations, and said that South Carolina could only be attacked by water. He trusted that citizens in the mountains would be ready to march for the protection of Charleston.

BARGAINS IN COTTON.—*New Orleans, Nov. 24.*—The lock in sterling bills has put a number of holders of Cotton in a tight place, and where the gold can be planked up, great bargains are offered. It is probable that, with cash down, middlings could be picked up at 10c per lb.

☞ A gentleman, having in his garden a superabundance of peaches that were over ripe and beginning to spoil, gave a quantity of them to some laborers. On asking one of the men how he liked them, he said the fruit was very good, but the seeds scratched his throat a little as he swallowed them.

☞ THE FRENCH NOBILITY.—It is proposed to publish an official list of the French nobility in the style of Burke's "Peerage." It is supposed that there are one hundred and fifty-eight thousand nobles in France.

MONEY MATTERS.

Philadelphia, November 24.—There was an unusually excited market at the Stock Board this morning, and an almost unprecedented rise in prices. The suspension of the banks and the determination of these institutions both here and in New York to extend their discount lines and relieve the mercantile community, has contributed to this buoyancy and caused a more cheerful feeling, both inside of the Board and out of doors, than has prevailed for weeks past. Reading Railroad was active at an advance of 1. Camden and Amboy Railroad went up from 114 to 121, which was bid at the close. Pennsylvania Railroad advanced 2½; Lehigh Navigation 3; Morris Canal 2, and the Preferred 2½; City Sixes 1@2 per cent.—the latter for the old issues. All of the better class of securities were quotably higher, but the fancies, excepting Reading Railroad, were rather neglected.

The money market is decidedly easier—first-class short paper being negotiated at fair pr ct., and call loans at 8@10 pr ct. The Banks are extending their discount lines, and the aspect of affairs generally is more encouraging.

NEW YORK, Nov. 24.—The Banks, yesterday, discounted to their dealers six or eight millions of dollars, or double the amount of paper maturing at the close of the week. Money is consequently easy to most of the merchants, and the general pressure materially mitigated.

SUSPENSION.—The banks of West Jersey, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, (generally,) Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Caroline, and the Farmers' Exchange Bank at Charleston, are reported suspended. The banks of New England and New York still pay specie, and are discounting liberally.

RALEIGH, N. C., Nov. 23.—The suspension of the North Carolina Banks was legalized by the Legislature to-day.

AUGUSTA, GA., Nov. 23.—It is rumored in bank circles, that Governor Brown will veto any law sanctioning the suspension of our banks, unless the State secedes. It is also reported that one or more of the Charleston banks have suspended; also a large cotton house—names not given—but this needs confirmation. The Bill removing the restrictions on the banks in case of suspension of specie payments, passed the State Senate by a vote of 92 to 15.

MORE TROUBLES IN KANSAS.—The recent reports from Kansas relative to burning the cabins over the heads of the squatters are probably true, as the Commissioner of Indian Affairs has received official information from Special Agent Cowert, narrating his expedition to the Cherokee reservation in Kansas, to expel squatters. He states that he ordered the military force which accompanied him to burn the cabins of over forty "trespassers," after which they agreed to leave next spring.

Rumors are afloat that the people thus deprived of their homes, maintain that they have legal possession of the land, and are determined to maintain it by force of arms.

Another account says that the government has been officially informed that Montgomery and his band have commenced operations in Kansas, by hanging and killing their opponents, and threatening to compel an adjournment of the land sales, advertised to take place during December.

Orders will forthwith be despatched, ordering the United States troops, in Kansas, to such points as may be necessary for the protection of the land officers in the performance of their duty, as well as of the public property menaced, including Fort Scott.

It is reported that Montgomery menaces Missouri and Arkansas with invasion—other accounts deny this. The Governor of Missouri has ordered troops to the frontier.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.—*The President's Message is to be presented to Congress on the second day after meeting. Advance* copies of the Message are to be sent as far North as Boston, and as far South as Richmond.

It is generally credited that the President has taken strong Union views against Secession and Nullification; and that Secretaries Cobb and Thompson came near resigning.

☞ A COMMON CASE.—Most persons will agree with Charles Lamb, that it is intolerable to pay for articles you have been used to get for nothing. Thus, "when Adam laid out his first penny upon apples at some stall in Mesopotamia, I think it went hard with him, reflecting upon his goodly orchard, where he had so many for nothing."

☞ A BACHELOR'S IGNORANCE.—Friend Grace, it seems, had a very good horse, and also a very poor one. When seen riding the latter, he was asked the reason, and it turned out that his better half had taken the good one. "What," said the bantering bachelor, "how comes it you let your mistress ride the better horse?" The only response was, "Friend, when thee beest married, thee'll know."

☞ LORD NORTH AND FOX.—Lord North, when contemptuously alluded to by Fox, as "that thing termed a minister," replied:—"That honorable gentleman calls me *a thing*, and (patting his ample stomach) an unshapely thing I am; but when he adds, *that thing termed a minister*, he calls me that which he himself is most anxious to become; and, therefore, I take it as a compliment."

☞ A PIECE OF PLATE.—A young actor having played a part tolerably well, Elliston one evening called him into the green-room, and addressed him to this effect:—"Young man, you have not only pleased the public, but you have pleased me; and, as a slight token of my regard and good wishes, I beg your acceptance of a small piece of plate." It was, beyond all question, a very small piece, for it was a silver toothpick!

☞ If small shavings of camphor are thrown on the surface of perfectly clean water, in a large basin, the pieces immediately begin to move rapidly, some round on their centres, others from place to place. The cause of these motions is unknown.

☞ A gentleman in Paris is stated to have discovered a method not only of producing gold, but a metal even more valuable than that precious substance. A committee has been appointed by the Academy, and another by the Government, to ascertain whether the inventor is a savant or a lunatic.

☞ Texas derives its name from an Indian word, signifying "beautiful."

☞ Two things, well considered, would prevent many quarrels; first to have it well ascertained whether we are not disputing about terms rather than things; and secondly, to examine whether that on which we differ is worth contending about.

☞ An envious man repines as much at the manner in which his neighbors live, as if he maintained them.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market has been unsettled and very dull this week, and some holders, in order to effect sales of Flour, have reduced their prices 12@25c ₱ ℔, 8000 bbls only found buyers, mostly taken by the trade at $5@5,25 for superfine, $5,87½@5,75 for extras, and $6@6,50 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. The receipts are large, and the market dull at $5@5,25 for standard and good straight brands. Rye Flour is also dull and lower, with a few small sales only to note at $4@4,12½ ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is but little inquired for, and Penna Meal is freely offered and nearly nominal at $3,50 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN.—The market for Wheat, like Flour, has been unsettled and depressed again this week, and prices have ruled very irregular and 10@15c ₱ bus lower; the sales, however, are large, reaching about 50,000 bus, in lots, part for shipment, at from $1,15 to 1,25 for fair to prime Penna and Western reds, $1,20 to 1,27 for Southern do, and from $1,25 to 1,45 for fair to choice white, the latter for Kentucky, including 20,000 bus good Western and Pennsylvania white at $1,28@1,30, and red at $1,18@1,21. Rye has been dull and selling in a small way only at 75@78c for Pennsylvania and 70c for Southern. Corn has also declined 4@5c ₱ bus, and about 90,000 bus found buyers at 70@75c for prime Southern yellow, afloat; 58@64c for inferior, 58@60c for new and old mixed, and 67@69c for white; new ranges at 50@55c, as to condition, with moderate receipts and sales. Oats are also rather lower, and 25,000 bus have been disposed of at 32@34c for Southern, mostly at 33c for prime lots, and 35@36c for Penna, afloat and in the cars. Barley and Malt have been very quiet, and prices are nominally unchanged.

PROVISIONS.—The market for all kinds is very quiet, and barrelled meats are lower. Mess Pork selling in lots as wanted at $19, and city Mess Beef at $12@14 ₱ bbl. Of Bacon, the sales are limited at 12@13c for city cured hams; 9½@9¾c for Shoulders, and 11¼@11½c for Sides. Salted meats are steady, with small sales at 9¼@9¾c for Sides and 8@8¼c for Shoulders, usual terms. A sale of Pickled Hams was made at 11c. Lard continues scarce, and we quote prime Western in tes and kegs at 13c; city is worth 11¾@12½c ₱ ℔. Roll Butter continues in demand, and sells at 15@17c, as in quality; packed meets with slow sale at 10½@11c. Cheese—No change, and the sales small at 10¾@11½c ₱ ℔. Eggs are very dull at 20c ₱ doz.

COTTON.—The market has been unsettled and very irregular. The week's sales reach some 1150 bales, at from 5 up to 10¾@12¾, cash and 4 mos, mostly Uplands, within the range of 10¾@11¾c, cash.

BARK is quiet, there is very little Quercitron offering or selling, and first No 1 is steady at $36 ₱ ton. Nothing doing in Tanners' Bark.

BEESWAX is dull and held at 35c, which is above the views of buyers.

COAL.—The market is steady and prices firm, but orders come in slowly. For home use business is fair and the receipts and stocks moderate.

COFFEE.—The market is unsettled and rather lower; a cargo of Rio, some 3800 bags, was disposed of on arrival, part by auction, at from 12¾ to 14¾c, on the usual credit.

COPPER continues dull, and the prices of Sheathing and Yellow Metal without any quotable change.

FEATHERS move off slowly, and sales of good Western are making at 48@50c ₱ ℔.

FRUIT is selling moderately at $1@2,50 ₱ bbl for Green Apples; 3½@4c ₱ ℔ for Dried do; 6@8c for Unpared Peaches; 10@12c for Pared do, and $6@12 ₱ bbl for Cranberries.

HEMP is quiet, the stock being nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS are inactive, new crop Eastern and Western selling in a small way at 35@38c ₱ ℔.

IRON—The market for this staple is quiet, and prices the same, Anthracite No 1 selling in a small way at $25, and No 2 at $22, on time. Nothing doing in Scotch Pig. Blooms, Bars and Rails sell slowly at previous quotations, and the market generally is dull.

LEAD—There is nothing doing, and no quotable change in the market.

LEATHER—The demand for all kinds is limited but good. Stock is well held and firm.

LUMBER continues dull, and White Pine Boards move off as wanted at $14@17. Yellow Sap sell slowly at $14@15. Hemlock Raft Lumber is lower, and selling at from $7,25 to $8 as to ₱.

MOLASSES is but little inquired for, and a few small lots Cuba and New Orleans have been disposed of at about previous rates, including 50 hhds Muscovado sold by auction at 24c, 4 mos.

PLASTER—There is not much offering, and a cargo of Soft was sold at $2,75 ₱ ton.

RICE is steady but quiet, with a small business to note in the way of sales at from 3¾ to 4¼c ₱ ℔, cash and time—the latter for prime lots from store.

SEEDS—The demand for Cloverseed having fallen off, the market has ruled unsettled, and prices considerably lower, with sales of 3000 bus to note at from $5,25 up to $6,37½, mostly at $5,50@6 ₱ bus; buyers at the close only offer $5,25@5,50 for prime lots. Timothy is steady but quiet, with limited sales at $2,50@2,62½ ₱ bus—the latter for prime. Domestic Flaxseed is lower and selling at $1,55@1,58 ₱ bus; 2000 sacks Calcutta Seed sold at $1,70 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin continue very inactive and, without alteration, to note in prices. N E Rum moves off as wanted at 33@34c. Whiskey is unsettled and lower, Western and Pennsylvania bbls selling at 21@20c, Drudge 20@19c, and hhds at 21@19½c, closing at the latter figures.

SUGARS—The market has been dull and unsettled, and a few small sales only are reported, including Cuba at 6¾@7¼c, Porto Rico at 7@7¾c, and New Orleans at 7@7¼c, on the usual terms.

TALLOW is quiet, and a small business doing at 10½c for City, and 9¾@9¾c for Country rendered.

TOBACCO—There is about the usual business to notice in Leaf and Manufactured, without change in quotations.

WOOL—The market for this staple has been very inactive; a few small sales of fleece are reported within the range of 42@45c, the latter for fine.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 2144 head. The prices ranged from $7 to 9 ₱ cwt, live weight. Sheep—4000 head were disposed of at from 6 to 10c ₱ ℔. In the Hog market sales were dull, owing to the great number of Hogs yarded, there being over 5100 head, which brought from 7½ to 8½c ₱ ℔ net.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Nov. 24.—FLOUR firm; sales of 10,000 bbls at $4,65@4,95 for State; $4,30@4,40 for Ohio; $4,20@4,55 for Southern. Wheat firm; sales of 15,000 bus at $1,10 for Chicago Spring; $1,25 for red Western. Corn firm; sales of 15,000 bus at 67c yellow Southern. Pork firm. Lard dull. Whiskey dull at 19½c.

☞ PEACE.—Peace is better than joy. Joy is an uneasy guest, and always on tip-toe to depart. It tires and wears us out, and yet keeps us ever fearing that the next moment it will be gone. Peace is not so—it comes more quietly, it stays more contentedly, and it never exhausts our strength, nor gives us one anxious forecasting thought. Therefore, let us pray for peace.

☞ Sir Robert Peel, speaking of Lord Eldon, remarked that "even his failings leaned to virtue's side;" upon which a gentleman observed, that his lordship's failings resembled the leaning tower of Pisa, which, in spite of its long inclination, had never yet *gone over*.

☞ THE LAW'S DELAY.—A few years ago a cargo of ice was imported into England from Norway. Not having such an article in the Custom House schedules, application was made to the Treasury and to the Board of Trade, and, after some little delay, it was decided that the ice should be entered as "*dry* goods;" but the whole cargo had melted before the doubt was cleared up!

☞ Ink is a caustic which burns oftenest the fingers of those who use it.

NEWS ITEMS.

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY PERSONS HANGED IN TEXAS.—The Mobile Mercury of Thursday, says:—We saw a gentleman yesterday direct from Texas. He came from the region of country where the hanging process was rife some while back. He says the distant public is not informed of the extent of the hanging. He is a member of a vigilance committee which has been in correspondence with the committees of other counties, and estimates that no less than two hundred and fifty persons have suffered death at a rope's end.

W. E. READ, a blind man from his birth, has recently completed, without aid, a piano which was exhibited last week at the Indiana State Fair, and is said to be a fine instrument.

CORN OIL.—It is said that Indian corn produces a clear fluid, which burns without odor, without smoke, and is inexpensive, affording a good light, in an ordinary kerosene lamp, for half a cent an hour. The corn oil is clear and colorless as water.

BISHOP ODENHEIMER, of New Jersey, has issued an address calling upon the churches in his diocese to take up collections on Thanksgiving day for the benefit of the sufferers in Kansas.

RANDAL CLARK was fined, at the late term of the Circuit Court of Lowndes county, Alabama, one thousand dollars, for not feeding his slaves well.

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY.—The Fort Wayne (Indiana) Times says that a most terrible tragedy occurred in Adams county, in that State, a few days previous. A woman about to churn butter threw some boiling water in the churn, into which one of the children had, unnoticed by the mother, placed an infant, and it was instantly scalded to death. In her frenzy the mother seized a chair and inflicted a death blow upon the little girl. After realizing what she had done, she threw herself into the well and was drowned.

FROM THE CRADLE TO THE GRAVE.—One of the most remarkable events in every day life that has ever come under our observation, occurred in the suburbs of this city during the present week. A lady gave birth to a child, was married, and died the same day.—*Louisville Journal.*

AN AFFLICTED WIDOW.—A lady who lives near Lockport, Ill., lost her husband, two sons and a brother by the Lady Elgin disaster. Five years ago she lost three children by the cholera. Fifteen months ago she lost a daughter. Out of seven children she has one and only one child left. In penury and poverty and pinching want, she lives destitute of clothing, almost, with a cheerless shelter and a heart full of grief.

A SUPPLY OF COTTON IN MASSACHUSETTS.—Some of our large manufactories have been recently taking an account of stock, and find that they have cotton on hand sufficient to last through the winter. The Naumkeag Mills, of Salem, have enough of this staple for use until the first of next October.—*Boston Herald.*

DRUIDICAL REMAINS.—An article in a recent number of the "Quarterly Review," under the title of "Stonehenge," has drawn the attention of the English public to the similarity, if not identity, of certain sepulchral and other remains existing in Great Britain and elsewhere in Western Europe—ordinarily classed as Druidical—with the structures to be found in various parts of the continent of India, to which a Buddhist origin is assigned. One of our most experienced Oriental antiquaries (Major Cunningham,) so long ago as 1854, in his work on the Bhilsa Topes, commented on, and partially illustrated, the general identity and cognate design of the monuments of the East and West.—*English Paper.*

GARIBALDI seems fond of having Americans near him. Two prominent members of his staff are natives of the United States, and a great number of American surgeons have recently joined the "Band of Freemen." The latest known accession is that of the "Balloon Brothers Brooks," who, in compliance with an autograph letter from Garibaldi, have accepted appointments in the army, and will give the benefit of their aerial knowledge to the reconnoitering parties who may be looking out for the Neapolitan forces.

ENGLISH IMITATION OF YANKEE INSTITUTIONS.—The setting apart a day for thanksgiving, a custom of New England for the past two hundred years, has, after spreading through the United States, reached the British province of Canada. The Public Administrator of that province has issued a proclamation, setting apart for such purpose Thursday, the sixth day of December next.

MR. DAMPLER, a farmer residing near Tanton, England, is said to have a horse in his possession, aged 56 years, which he rides daily about the farm, and occasionally goes out hunting with. The animal is still fresh on his legs, and free from blemish.

TORCHLIGHT processions were designed more than two thousand years ago. See 1 Maccabees iv. 12, wherein an account is given of the high priest Jason, who escorted King Antiochus into Jerusalem "*with torchlight and great shoutings.*" Jason lived in the fourth century, B. C.

SUICIDE OF A BOY.—A boy about 11 years of age, son of John Virt, a resident of the town of Macomb, New York, was punished on Friday, the 9th ult., by his mother, for some fault. Deeming his punishment unjust, he started for the woods, telling his mother it was the last time she would see him alive. He then made a rope of some basswood bark, and hung himself from a tree.

A THICK SKIN.—During an exhibition of Dan Rice's circus, at Memphis, Tenn., on the night of the 10th ult., it was proposed to show that the hide of the rhinoceros was ball-proof. Captain Travis, the celebrated pistol shot, then fired a bullet at the animal, which fell flattened to the floor, not breaking the skin, nor even causing the animal to wince, when struck.

COLORS MOST LIABLE TO BE HIT.—It would appear from numerous observations, that soldiers are hit during battle according to the color of their dress in the following order:—Red is the most fatal color; the least fatal, Austrian gray. The proportions are red 12, rifle green 7, brown 6, Austrian bluish-gray 5.

MR. LINCOLN, the President elect, recently visited Chicago, and there met Mr. Hamlin, Vice President elect. Mr. Lincoln made several short speeches, unimportant, but of a conciliatory tone, along the route.

CLOSE OF LAKE NAVIGATION.—Navigation on the Lakes is rapidly approaching its close. Last year it ceased on the 29th of November, and there were then in Chicago, Illinois, 207,548 bushels of grain in store. At the present time there are about 1,500,000 bushels of grain at that place, and they are receiving about 600,000 bushels per week, which will leave a much larger amount on hand at the close of navigation this year than there was in 1859.

THE Land Office has ordered a survey of the Kansas Indian Reservation in Kansas. About three-fifths of it is to be sold to whites, as stipulated by a recent treaty with the Indians, and the proceeds to be appropriated for their benefit. The remaining two-fifths are to be laid out in forty acre lots, one of which is to be held by each Indian in severalty.

A HAPPY EDITOR.—The editor of a paper published in Littleton, N. H., in announcing his retirement, says: "I have no regrets to make—not a mistake to atone for or a blunder to mourn over."

HOW SAINTS REST AT PIKE'S PEAK.—Mr. B. M. Sherman, of this city, while on a recent visit to his son, an assayist on Nevada Gulch, Pike's Peak, saw a sign swinging over a small log cabin, with the words, "Saints' Rest," but imagine his surprise on finding a party of miners busily engaged with cards, gambling, swearing, smoking and drinking. He took out his memorandum book, and made an entry something like this: "Sunday—Saints' Rest—A dozen men gambling, swearing, etc. Such is life at Pike's Peak."

A BRIGADE of volunteers from St. Louis, about 600 strong, have left for the scene of disturbances on the border of Kansas.

"PANIC DEAD."—The money report of the *Phila. Press*, of the 23d, says:—

"Panic is dead," says the New York Courier and Enquirer. He died, according to that authority, on Wednesday, at 3 P. M., and yesterday his funeral was one which produced very general rejoicing. The same announcement, with very little difference as to the hour of his death, may be made here. The wise and timely action of our banks, in interposing for the relief of their debtors, produced all that was expected of it in calming the excitement, and both the stock and money markets to-day exhibit a cheerfulness and elasticity of tone in striking contrast with the gloom and depression of the previous ten days. In the money market, rates have fallen at least twelve per cent. per annum since noon of yesterday.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At the residence of the bride's father, near Wilmington, Del. on Thursday evening, Aug. 30th, 1860, by the Rev. C. J. Crouch, FRANCIS McSORLEY, to ANNA, daughter of the late Saml. Lodge.

On the morning of the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. Saml. Vansant, JOSEPH R. LIPPINCOTT, of Salem, N. J. to HARRIET H. daughter of Jos. C. Gill, Esq. of Gloucester county, N. J.

On the 13th ultimo, by the Rev. Benj. Dorr, D. D., Mr. S. T. AUGE, to Miss BELL JOHNSON, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening, 21st ultimo, by the Rev. C. D. Cooper, JOSEPH A. HULL, of St. Louis, Mo. to Miss LUE COZENS, of this city.

At West Chester, Pa. on the morning of Wednesday, Nov. 21, by the Rev. William E. Moore, CHARLES A. WOOD, of Pittsburg, to EMILY E. daughter of Wm. Worthington, M. D. of the former place.

On the 15th ultimo, at Friends' meeting house, at Cropwell, N. J., CLAYTON COOPER, of Camden, to ELIZABETH E. daughter of Isaac Haines, deceased.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. Geo. F. Wiswell, Mr. JOSEPH S. KNIGHT, of this city, to Miss CORNELIA R. BELL, of Wilmington, Del.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At his late residence, near Wilmington, Del. on Thursday evening, Sept. 13th, SAMUEL LODGE, aged 78 years and 3 days.

Suddenly, at Bethlehem, Pa, on Sunday, Nov. 11th, JOHN JONATHAN BISHOP, in his 74th year.

On the 9th ultimo, CLARA, infant daughter of Joseph and Cassander Peck, aged 21 months.

On the evening of the 19th ultimo, REBECCA ALLEN, widow of Charles Allen, aged nearly 79 years.

On the evening of the 20th ultimo, WILLIAM S. STOCKTON, aged 75 years.

Suddenly, on the 20th ultimo, JOHN T. TROTH, in his 38th year.

On the 21st ultimo, JOHN EATTON LE CONTE, in his 77th year.

On the 19th ultimo, LYDIA T. WALTON, in her 28th year.

On the 17th ultimo, ELIZABETH HUMPHREYS, in her 62 year.

On the 18th ultimo, Captain JOHN SMITH, aged 97 years.

On the 20th ultimo, Mrs. REBECCA D. THOMAS, widow of the late Benj. Thomas, aged 62 years.

On the 19th ultimo, Rev. JOHN P. WOODS, aged 31 years.

On the morning of the 19th ultimo, ELIZA J. eldest daughter of Robert and Margaret Armstrong, Sr. aged 34 years.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1881		
" " '62	105	—
" " '67	108	—
" " '68	108	—
" 5 " coupon '74	101	101¼
Phila 6 pr ct, old	99½	100
" " new	102½	102¾
" 5 "	84	—
Pitts 6 pr ct,	75	—
" " coupon	69	—
All'gy City 6 pr ct,	55	73
" " County	49	84
Penn 6 pr ct,	100	—
" 5 "	95½	—
Tenn 6 "	—	95½
" 5 " coupon	—	82
Kentucky 6 pr ct,	—	104½
Missouri "	89½	—
Ohio " 1888	103½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct,	98½	99½
Virginia "	91	91½
Ind State 5 pr ct	82	—
Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds	91½	92
N Y City 1873-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	120	—
Philadelphia	184	—
Far & Mec	—	75
Commercial	61	62
N Liberty	62	—
Mechanics	27½	—
Southwark	30	—
P Township	36	—
Kensington	—	65
Girard	40½	—
Western	—	60
Man & Mec	24	26
Commerce	—	30
Tradesman's	62½	—
City	43½	—
Consolidation	—	24
Commonwealth	48	—
Corn Exchange	27	27½
Union bk	—	32
Germantown	—	30
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	48	—
Exchange "	52	—
Kentucky, Ky	95	—
Northern "	125	—
Louisville "	112	—
Farmers "	120	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	—	75
Planters "	—	60
N O Gas Light	—	—
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	23½	24½
Lehigh Zinc	1	—
New Creek "	—	—
New Grenada "	—	—
N America Ins co	17	20
N Liberties Gas	—	30½
Southwark and Frankford R R Bonds	90	—
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR 1st mort bonds	—	102
2nd "	—	90
" stock	38	39½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	—	—
" stock	120	—
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	86	88
mort 6's '44	—	91½
" '84	74	74½
" stock	18½	19
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	92	92
" stock	53	55
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	51½	—
Ches Val R R '73	43	47
Tioga R R '75	—	35
Williams & Elmira 7's 1st mort	73½	75
2nd "	17	18
" stock	8½	7½
Catawissa	1	—
Beaver Meadow stock	—	62
" preferred 10 pr ct	56	—
North Penn's R R stock	9	9
6 pr ct loan	68	69
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock, div'd off	47½	48
6 pr ct loan	97	102
Minehill R R	66½	66½
Har & Lan R R stock	49½	50
bonds '73	99	—
L. Schuylkill R R	11	12½
Long Island R R stock	11½	12
bonds	83	85
Erie R R stock	31½	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	72½	—
Michigan Central	—	—
Illinois "	96½	97
Michigan Southern	17½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '82	69	70
imp. 6 pr ct	60	—
" stock	—	8
" preferred	—	21
Lehigh Nav stock	50½	51½
mort 6 pr ct	101	101½
scrip	35	38
Morris Consol'd	53	56½
" preferred	100	—
Ches & Del	40	—
bonds	88	94
Union "	1	—
bonds	19	—
Sus & Tidewater bonds, 1871	3	4
"	10	17

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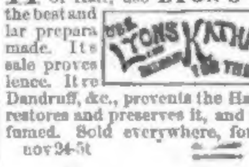

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE AMALGAMATION OF LANGUAGES.—There is a growing tendency in this age to appropriate the most expressive words of other languages, and after a while to incorporate them into our own; thus the word Cephalic, which is from the Greek, signifying "for the head," is now becoming popularized in connection with Mr. Spalding's great Headache remedy, but it will soon be used in a more general way, and the word Cephalic will become as common as Electrotype and many others whose distinction as foreign words has been worn away by common usage until they seem "native and to the manor born."

'ardly Realized.

Hi 'ad 'n 'orrible 'eadache this hafternoon, hand I stepped into the hapothecaries, hand says hi to the man, "Can you hease me of an 'eadache?" "Does it hache 'ard," says 'e. "Hexceedingly," says hi, hand upon that 'e gave me a Cephalic Pill, hand 'pon me 'onor it cured me so quick that I 'ardly realized I 'ad 'ad an 'eadache.

☞ HEADACHE is the favorite sign by which nature makes known any deviation whatever from the natural state of the brain, and viewed in this light it may be looked on as a safeguard intended to give notice of disease which might otherwise escape attention, till too late to be remedied; and its indications should never be neglected. Headaches may be classified under two names, viz.: Symptomatic and Idiopathic. Symptomatic Headache is exceedingly common, and is the precursor of a great variety of diseases, among which are Apoplexy, Gout, Rheumatism and all febrile diseases. In its nervous form it is sympathetic of disease of the stomach constituting *Sick Headache*, of hepatic disease, constituting *Bilious Headache*, of worms, constipation and other disorders of the bowels, as well as renal and uterine affections. Diseases of the heart are very frequently attended with Headaches; Anæmia and plethora are also affections which frequently occasion headache. Idiopathic Headache is also very common, being usually distinguished by the name of *Nervous Headache*, sometimes coming on suddenly in a state of apparently sound health, and prostrating at once the mental and physical energies, and in other instances it comes on slowly, heralded by depression of spirits or acerbity of temper. In most instances the pain is in the front of the head, over one or both eyes, and sometimes provoking vomiting; under this class may also be named *Neuralgia.*

For the treatment of either class of Headache the Cephalic Pills have been found a sure and safe remedy, relieving the most acute pains in a few minutes, and by its subtle power eradicating the diseases of which Headache is the unerring index.

BRIDGET.—Missus wants you to send her a box of Cephalic Glue, no, a bottle of Prepared Pills—but I'm thinking that's not just it mainher; but perhaps ye'll be aither knowing what it is. Ye see she's nigh dead and gone with the Sick Headache, and wants some more of that same as relaived her before.

Druggist.—You must mean Spalding's Cephalic Pills.

Bridget.—Och! sure now and you've sed it, here's the quarter and giv me the Pills and don't be all day about it aither.

Constipation or Costiveness.

No one of the "many ills flesh is heir to" is so prevalent, so little understood, and so much neglected as Costiveness. Often originating in carelessness, or sedentary habits; it is regarded as a slight disorder of too little consequence to excite anxiety, while in reality it is the precursor and companion of many of the most fatal and dangerous diseases, and unless early eradicated it will bring the sufferer to an untimely grave.—Among the lighter evils of which Costiveness is the usual attendant, are Headache, Colic, Rheumatism, Foul Breath, Piles, and others of like nature, while a long train of frightful diseases, such as Malignant Fevers, Abscesses, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Dyspepsia, Apoplexy, Epilepsy, Paralysis, Hysteria, Hypochondriads, Melancholy and Insanity, first indicate their presence in the system by this alarming symptom. Not unfrequently the diseases named originate in Constipation, but take on an independent existence unless the early stages. From all these considerations it follows that the disorder should receive immediate attention whenever it occurs, and no person should neglect to get a box of Cephalic Pills on the first appearance of the complaint, as their timely use will expel the insidious approaches of disease and destroy this dangerous foe to human life.

A Real Blessing.

Physician—Well, Mrs. Jones, how is that headache?

Mrs. Jones—Gone! Doctor, all gone! the pill you sent cured me in just twenty minutes, and I wish you would send more, so that I can have them handy.

Physician—You can get them at any Druggist's. Call for Cephalic Pills. I find they never fail, and I recommend them in all cases of Headache.

*Mrs. J

Wit and Humor.

THE LAWYER AND THE DEACON.

A year or two ago, as every one will remember, a strong revival of religion spread over the land, and many hardened sinners were hopefully converted. In the interior of New York, an old lawyer was among those who professed to have found grace, but being considerable of a politician, and withal a candidate for a nomination to office, he commenced taking a sly nip—sly at first, but the thing began to show itself in good time. The church was scandalized. One day the most prominent deacon caught him standing in his office door in a very balmy condition. The deacon went at him rough shod.

"Deac'n," said old Blackstone, inserting his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest—"Deac'n, a man o' my standing ortenter be turned outer a church. Tell-wher-I'll-do. I'll compromise honor'bly. I'll withdraw my active membership, and you put me down as a 'tributing an' on'ry member. Come, deac'n, that's fair."

BACHELORS, ATTENTION!—The attention of bachelors is invited to the following "wail:"—

"There are some sad sights in this world; a city sacked and burnt—a battle field after a great slaughter—a London in the midst of a plague—a ship burning at sea—a family pining in starvation——a jug of molasses wrecked upon the pavement. All bad, it is true.

"But, to us—the saddest sight of all, is an old bachelor wearing toward the end of his journey of life, his great duties undone. Poor devil! just look at him: his shirt-buttons off—his stockings out at toes—not a son or daughter, not a relative to drop a tear, close his eyes in death, or to leave his money to—nobody, in fact, to care for him—'shunn'd by saint an' sinner!'

"Were we such a man—or rather half of a man—the mild reproving eye of a widow or maiden lady would drive us mad!

"But there is still hope. Uglier and older men than any of our friends have married beautiful wives, who trained them admirably, and spent their money elegantly!"

"TOO MUCH FIXED UP."—A good many years ago, at a time when there was a triangular contest in progress between the Whigs, old line Democrats, and "fire-eaters," it was announced that the late John Morrisett, of Monroe, would address the county in behalf of the Whigs. Chancellor Lesesne was sent up from Mobile to meet him, as representative of the Southern rights party. The Chancellor wore straps to his pantaloons, (then not a prevalent fashion in the country districts,) and having a habit of putting his hands behind him, when speaking, and lifting the skirts of his coat, he displayed a large, new brass buckle, that fastened his waistband.

Mr. Morrisett replying, remarked, in his own peculiar and inimitable vein, that the people of Monroe did not "need to receive political instruction from Mobile—least of all from a gentleman who wore *galloxes* under breeches."

HOW MR. TWIST CAME TO BE "DEACON"—For a great many years had Mr. Twist borne the title of deacon. Clergy and laity recognized it, and everybody called him deacon. "Good-morning, Deacon Twist," was a common salutation, and it seemed fitting that he should be deacon, because he was such a good, quiet, benevolent man. "Your neighbor, Deacon Twist, seems to be a great favorite," said one who had newly moved into the neighborhood, to an old settler; "what church is he deacon of?" "Not of any church," was the reply. "Well, what gives him title, then?" the stranger continued. "Why," said the one questioned, "when they were plastering the new church down here, he and another set up one cold night to watch the fire so that their work shouldn't freeze, and to keep awake they played old sledge in the organ loft, and he's been called deacon to this day."

WAS IT THE RIGHT END?—An old gentleman, who was never accused of being a wizard went out with his gun one day to shoot partridges, accompanied by his son. Before they approached the ground where they expected to find the game, the gun was charged with a severe load, and when at last the old gentleman discovered one of the birds, he took a rest and blazed away, expecting to see him fall, of course; but not so did it happen, for the gun recoiled with so much force as to "kick" him over. The old man got up, and while rubbing the sparks out of his eyes, inquired of his son, "Alphy, did I point the right end of the gun at the birds?"

SPLENDID CHANCE.—Riding out the other day, a little fellow stepped up and asked to ride. We consented of course, and he was soon seated, and began a busy talk. We inquired as to the chestnut crop, and if he was going to gather any. His eyes brightened up a moment, replying with great earnestness:

"I know where there are six trees loaded down, the trees are very low, and *the man is dead.*"

Any one who has gathered chestnuts with the fear of the "man coming," can at once see the advantage of the location of the six second growths above mentioned.—*Ashtabula Sentinel.*

THE WAG'S MIRACLE.—A party of travellers sat down in a country tavern to a scanty luncheon. Their hunger was great, the prospect of appeasing it small. The wag of the company proposed to work a miracle, and taking up a plate of little dried-up buns began to shake them, to make them hop about. The landlady, observing the performance, asked what was wanted.

"Keep still!" cried the wag; "there is a famine here; and I do this in order that we may have *a-bun-dance!*"

The miracle was wrought,—the landlady hastening to bring on her good things.

VERY SMART LAD.—As we were walking along the street, the other day, we noticed a crowd of urchins standing around a boy who was sucking a piece of candy. "I say, Bill," said one of them, "give me that candy, and I'll make it come out of my ears, like Blitz did last night at the theatre." Second youth shells over the candy. First youth very deliberately eats the candy—second youth watches the little fellow's ears—and after drawing himself into every conceivable shape, he said: "Well, if I haint forgot the rest, as sure as rags."

PADDY ON AFRICA.—At a negro celebration lately an Irishman stood listening to one of the speakers; and as the orator came to a "period" from the highest and most poetical flight, the Irishman said:

"Bedad, he speaks well for a nagur; didn't he, now?"

Somebody said, "He isn't a negro, he is only a half negro."

"Only a half a nagur, is it? Well, if half a nagur can talk in that style, I'm thinking a whole nagur might bate the prophet Jeremiah?"

SONG.

You ask me to remember when
My heart first clung to thine;—
If wintry clouds hung o'er the sky,
Or summer's golden shine?
I only know in winter time
It could not, dearest, be,
For never yet a cloud has come
Betwixt my love and me.

You ask me to remember still
The time when first we met;
But can you wonder if I all
Those by-gone hours forget?
So calmly have the years flown by,
So bright has been my lot,
I cannot recollect the time
In which I loved thee not!

J. E. CARPENTER.

HOW TO CLEAN THE TEETH.

There is, in my opinion, no dentrifice used so baneful in its effects as charcoal. I doubt if there is a dentist, with a fair practice of ten years, but has seen worse effects from its use than from the use of acids. I have had in my own practice to insert three sets of teeth, where the gums were destroyed, and the teeth dropped out from the use of charcoal. In two of these cases the gums were permanently discolored, so that there can be no mistake of its agency.

The effect of charcoal is purely mechanical; it is sharp as diamond dust, and the finer the worse its effects. Being perfectly insoluble in the fluids of the mouth, it insinuates itself between the neck of the tooth and the gum, producing ulceration, recession and final loss of the tooth itself. Next to charcoal, in their bad effects upon the teeth, are the various kinds of boles and earths, under different and high-sounding names, and popular as tooth-powders.

I would have my patients use no kind of powders upon their teeth oftener than two or three times the brush, but take some finely prepared chalk, and a stick of red cedar, orange, or hickory (we should say soft white pine), about three inches long, wedge shape, and from one-eighth to one-quarter inch wide; with this polish the enamel, being careful not to irritate the gums.

The great dentrifice that should be used at all times, and under any circumstances, is soap. Its alkaline properties serve to neutralize the acids contained in the fluids of the mouth, and its cleansing properties will correct the breath, and remove offensive odor sooner than any article I have seen tried. I have seen the best effects from its use in tenderness and inflammation of the gums denoting acrid secretion, and have never known it to fail in its results.

FREAKS OF MEMORY.—A British captain, whilst giving orders on the quarter-deck of his ship, at the battle of the Nile, was struck on the head by a shot, and immediately became senseless. He was taken home and removed to Greenwich Hospital, where, for fifteen months, he evinced no sign of intelligence. He was then trephined; and immediately upon the operation being performed, consciousness returned, and he immediately began busying himself to see the orders carried out that he had given during the battle fifteen months previously. The clockwork of the brain, unaware that it had stopped, upon being set going again, pointed to the exact minute at which it had left off. These sudden revivals of a lost intelligence almost rival in their dramatic effect the effect of the Prince's advent in the Palace of the Sleeping Beauty, where, at the magic of a kiss, the inmates of the royal household, who had gone to sleep for a hundred years, transfixed in their old attitudes, leaped suddenly into life and motion, as though they only for a moment slept.

AN OLD TREE.—The oldest known tree, the age of which is historically determined, is the sacred fig tree of Anarajapoura, in Ceylon. It was planted by King Devinipiatissa, in the year 288 B. C., and its history from that date is preserved by a mass of documentary and traditional evidence. It was described by the Chinese traveller, Fa Hiam, in the year 414, and by the earliest Europeans who visited it, in about the same terms. It still flourishes, and is an object of worship to the Buddhists of the island.

A CORRESPONDENT writing from Calcutta, says that an East Indian, who attempted to swim the Ganges, some time since, with a child in his arms, was pursued by a crocodile; and in order to escape, he threw the child to the monster, by whom it was at once seized and devoured. A party of English and American sailors who witnessed this act, caught the Hindoo as he landed, threw him back into the stream, and pelted him with sticks and stones until he was himself seized by a crocodile and dragged out of sight.

CAUTION TO YOUNG LADIES WHO RIDE IN CRINOLINE ON DONKEYS.

COPYRIGHT OF LETTERS.—According to law, letters are the joint property of the writer and of the party to whom they are sent. The paper, as a document, belongs to the *sendee* (if we may coin a word by analogy to the barbarous law jargon in other matters, such as lessor and lessee, feoffor and feoffee, bargainee, vendee, covenantee, etc.;) but the letter, as a piece of "intellectuality," belongs to the writer—its immortal and indestructible part is his property. The recipient has no right to publish it; and a Court of Equity will grant an injunction to restrain publication. Perhaps this property may not continue longer in the writer than that of a book would continue in the author, viz., twenty-eight years, or whatever time the statue gives. We are of opinion that if a man sends a letter to a newspaper to be published, there is no copyright remaining in the writer, and it would be a question to decide whether any is vested in the owner of the newspaper. Junius held that there would, and thus protected his famous Letters.—*London Review.*

A ROYAL ANECDOTE.—A certain royal lady is blest with one child of more wonderful seriousness and solidity of mind than all the other little princes and princesses put together. This scion of the House of Brunswick once asked Prince Albert what was the meaning of the words Cherubim and Seraphim, which occur in the Holy Scriptures and the Service of the Church. The answer returned was, Cherubim is a Hebrew word, other word of the same language, signifying "Flame;" from whence it is inferred that Cherubim are orders of celestial beings excelling in knowledge; the Seraphim are celestial likewise, excelling in Divine affection. The child replied, "I hope that when I die, sire, I shall be one of the Seraphims, for I had rather love God than know all things."—*English Paper.*

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

When, courting slumber,
The hours I number,
And sad cares cumber
My wearied mind,
This thought shall cheer me,
That Thou art near me,
Whose ear to hear me
Is still inclined.

My soul Thou keepest,
Who never sleepest;
'Mid gloom the deepest
There is light above.
Thine eyes behold me,
Thine arms enfold me,
Thy word has told me
That God is love.

Agricultural.

PACKING APPLES IN LEAVES.

A few years ago Mr. S. W. Boynton, of East Hartford, while gathering up the leaves under an apple tree, in the spring, observed beneath them a fresh, unfrozen apple. It suggested at once that dry leaves would answer well as packing material for fruit, and the next fall and every season since he has used them for this purpose. We saw a few years ago some specimens thus preserved, seemingly as fresh and piquant in flavor as when first gathered. Yet he assured us they were varieties that would have decayed months ago unprotected. His plan is to pick the apples carefully at the proper time, but not to pack them until the forest leaves are perfectly dry and the weather quite cool.

Then the apple and leaves are packed in alternate layers, and the last layer of leaves crowded in as close as possible by placing any convenient weight on the cover of the barrel. The leaves are of such elasticity that the whole may be compressed so tightly as to prevent all shucking, &c., and yet not bruise the apples in the slightest degree. In this latitude Mr. Boynton has never found it necessary to keep these barrels of fruit in any place warmer than an open shed. It would be advisable, of course, everywhere to keep them in as cool a place as possible. In the spring they are to be removed to a cool, airy cellar, or to an apartment especially for fruit, in connection with the ice-house.—*Homestead.*

COTTON SEED FOR HOGS.

Robert Neilson, Esq., of Montgomery, Alabama, makes the following suggestions through the Southern Cultivator:—

The saving of corn is desirable at any time, but especially so this season, as the supply is but scanty in the South. It may, therefore, seem proper at present to substitute cotton seed as food for hogs. Almost every planter has learned the fatal results of feeding cotton seed in its raw state to hogs. In your September number, cotton seed is recommended for this purpose when cooked. I think this is only one half of the recipe, and having had some experience in this branch of husbandry, I will here state the way in which I am using it daily for about two hundred hogs:

I have two large cauldrons, one holding ninety gallons and the other fifty-five gallons, arched in as for a distillery. They are filled with dry cotton seed pressed in hard; after which water is poured on till it raises the seed above the rim of the kettle, which is then covered with some planks and a piece of bagging or old carpet, to prevent the steam escaping too much. It requires boiling, or, more correctly, steaming for two or three hours, or until the seed at the top of the kettle is so well done that it can be mashed between the fingers.

The next process is the fermentation of the seed, which I consider of the utmost importance. I have large tubs, that will hold about sixty gallons each. About two bushels are placed in each tub, and filled up with cold water. In about *twenty-four hours it has undergone a strong* fermentation, and is then in a fit condition to be fed to the hogs; but as I have several tubs, some (and I do not feed but two tubs a day) of this *cotton seed beer*, as it actually is, will often turn a little sour; the hogs will like it so much better. Once a week, I give a few handsful of salt or ashes on this food.

It does not, however, seem to agree with young pigs, and it is therefore not fed to pigging sows until their pigs are a couple of weeks old, or still better, until they are weaned.

I would, also, here state that hogs have free access to a small Bermuda grass patch, and always an abundance of water.

I learned this method from Rev. Samuel Johnston, of this place, who used it for nine years, and always had a beautiful lot of hogs, that never got any corn, except what they could glean on the corn fields, after the crop was gathered. His year old hogs, fed on cotton seed, usually weighed 180 to 200 pounds.

I have fed a large lot of hogs on this plan for the last year, with so much success that I never shall give it up, as long as I am raising hogs.

TO DESTROY INSECTS IN STORED GRAIN.—Grain is sometimes subject to depredations from the flying weevil or gray moth which developes and matures in the heart of the grain, and which imparts considerable heat to the bulk of the grain. The heat is equal to or above blood. Grain infested with this insect is easily detected in thrusting the hand into the body of the grain, by means of the great heat of the mass. Another insect is sometimes found in granaries and in mills that depredate on the stored grain.

In France large quantities of grain are stored up against time of scarcity, and in order to protect it from the depredations of the insects that prey upon it, commissioners have been appointed to examine into the means of destroying them, who have reported that a small quantity of chloroform or sulphuret of carbon put into the interior of the grain pit (which is usually in the ground) and then hermetically sealed up, will destroy all the pests. About 75 grains of sulphuret of carbon are sufficient for about four bushels. Grain put up in rail pens, as is the custom in the West, may be treated with equal success with this agent by covering the heap with a tarpaulin or close woven cloth.

HORSES AND MULES.—A correspondent of the N. Y. Spirit, writing from Virginia, says: "If my experience is worth anything to Old Whip's theory in Horses *vs.* Mules, you can tell him that by actual experiment a pair of horses will carry a plough, drill, harrow or wagon, over more ground, and do work better, in eight hours, than mules will in twelve. In seeding wheat, *I put in more* with a pair of carriage horses to a drill, running them from 8 till 12 and from 3 to 6, than I could do with mules from sun to sun."

ODD DAMAGE TO PICTURES.—Mr. Cole, of the South Kensington Museum, made a curious statement in the course of his evidence recently given before the British Museum Committee. "We find," he said, "that the mere exhibition of pictures to great multitudes exposes them to accidents which would hardly be dreamt of. The public sneeze upon the pictures, and the saliva runs down and positively eats the surface off them. One of the most valuable of Mr. Mulready's pictures was covered with the coughing and sneezing of the public, looking close at the picture and laughing in the presence of it. We have great difficulty in preventing them expressing the emotions they feel in looking at a picture; they will touch it; they say 'Look at that expression,' and the consequence is that they scrape off a little bit of the pigment. We have come to the conclusion that pictures within reach must be put under glass. We have already the experience that glass keeps pictures much cleaner. We all know that though the public is generally becoming very well behaved, and is well behaved, still they very much like to touch things. We had a little bit of sculpture, a mother and baby, and the baby excited the interest of all the mothers that came to the Museum; they were always measuring their babies by the side of it, and touching it till it became quite grubby. It happened to be only a cast, but precautions must be taken to prevent things being damaged."

LONDON EXQUISITES IN 1818.—Green, brown, light blue, and light gray body coats were then the rage, studded with fancy buttons. The collars were very low, the waists long, and the skirts long and thin. Waistcoats of light canary and other fancy patterns were all worn exceedingly short, and trowsers extended very little below the knee. Hats of most fantastic shape were worn, with turned-up brim, and if white, with green edges, disclosing stiff-curled side locks. Every man, young and middle-aged, whether near-sighted or not, wore a quizzing-glass of gold, and carried a thin cane or riding-whip. White cravats of immense height and stiffness were the rage, many of which were got up by a famous laundress of Shrewsbury, tied in most fantastic fashion, the groom's and coachman's knot being the favorite. Over these stiff and spotless "choker" a thick black ribbon was laid, and from this depended the gold eye-glass, the shirt-collar covering half the ear. The supremest swells of this day had their front teeth bored to spit like the members of the Four-in-Hand Club. Our women wore immense bonnets of Leghorn straw, short sleeves, and waists terminating with the armpits. They also frequently wore glasses and carried immense reticules.—*Blackwood.*

☞ NAVIGATION.—One of the New York aldermen in discussing some regulation of the railroads in New York streets, said that "the carelessness of the managers of the Hudson River Railroad was unexampled in the annals *of navigation!*"

Useful Receipts.

USEFUL RECIPE.—*At this season of the year, when arrangements are to be made for* winter fires, this recipe is well worth publication:

"To stop cracks in chimneys and stoves, the insertion of stove-pipes, open joints in pipes, and all places of the kind:—Dissolve common salt in water—as much as the water will take up—and thicken it with clean ashes till it becomes a mortar of proper temper for working. This will harden in a short time to firm cement, and is better than mortar for the purposes mentioned, and can always be obtained."

TO STOP LEAKAGE IN HOT-WATER PIPES.—Get some iron borings or filings, and mix them with vinegar, forming it into a salve; with this fill up the cracks where the leakage is; and if the pipe has been previously dried, and if kept dry until this has become quite hard, it will never fail to effectually stop the leakage, and will stand for a length of time. If an iron pipe should burst, or there should be a hole broke into it by accident, a piece of iron may be securely fastened over it, by bedding it on, in a salve made with iron borings and vinegar; but the pipe should not be used until it has become firm.

CARRIAGE AXLE GREASE.—Take half a pound of sal-soda and dissolve it in a gallon of water just at the boiling point, now add 5 pounds of tallow and 6 of lard, and stir the whole together until they are well mixed. An iron vessel is the best to use for this operation. When these ingredients are thoroughly amalgamated, the vessel should be taken off the fire and its contents stirred until the compound has become cool. A very good and simple grease for the axles of carts can also be made by stirring half a pound of powdered black lead in six pounds of melted lard.

SOME CHOICE RECEIPTS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

S. G.'s PUDDING.—2½ tumblers flour, butter size of an egg: 1 teacup sugar and a large one of milk: 1 or 2 eggs, well beaten: 1 teaspoonful carbonate of soda, 2 cream of tartar. To be baked in a quick oven, as soon as made. This, without sugar, is very good, baked in a Turk's turban for tea.

APPLE DUMPLINGS.—Line a bowl with potato crust, allowing the paste to come a little over the edge. Have ready pared apples enough to fill the bowl: scatter in a little cinnamon or nutmeg and a wine-glass of rose water: cover with paste, and turn over the edges, and wet them with water, and pinch them together: set the bowl into the oven, or into a cloth, if for boiling, and boil it in water already boiling.

THE PRESIDENT'S PUDDING.—Boil 1 quart milk with the rind of a lemon: strain and boil again. Mix 1 tablespoonful of flour with 2 of cold milk; stir it into the boiling milk, and let it boil up. Take it from the fire, and when cool add 3 well beaten eggs. Sweeten to taste, and bake in crust in a quick oven.

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY WILL WINDSOR.

I am composed of 30 letters.

My 23, 17, 3, 19, was an Egyptian god, worshiped under the form of an ox.

My 12, 29, 3, 19, 27, 4, was distinguished for his wisdom and virtues.

My 17, 21, 11, 7, 9, 16, 6, was a god of the sea, and foretold future events.

My 4, 8, 1, 24, 27, 17, 9, is a mountain in Thrace, covered all the year with snow.

My 19, 4, 26, 7, 13, 28, was the son of 12, 9, 17, 19, 16, 25, 20, and his trumpeter.

My 8, 30, 4, 11, was a beautiful priestess of Venus.

My 28, 16, 10, 5, 21, 18, 2, was a King of Egypt, slain by Hercules.

My 24, 23, 17, 3, 12, 29, was a nymph beloved by Apollo.

My 15, 9, 17, 19, 16, 25, was the god of the 10, 20, 22.

My 15, 22, 25, 16, 2, the most ancient of the gods in Italy, he entertained Saturn on his arrival in that country.

My 28, 4, 18, 22, 21, 29, 16, 10, was a famous giant, feigned to have had a hundred hands and fifty heads.

My 14, 5, 24, 18, 16, 2, 24, 18, 16, 10, was the god of honor and good faith.

My 6, 23, 19, 16, 4, 12, was banished by Jupiter, his son, from the throne of heaven.

My 1, 21, 17, 8, 29, 16, 6, was a poet, musician and philosopher, whose skill in music was fabled to have moved the very rocks and trees.

My 11, 4, 20, 22, 24, 9, 2, were nymphs of the mountains, who accompanied Diana in hunting.

My whole was the son of one who wept herself into a stone, through grief at the death of her children.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 6, 2, 1, 13, will eat iron.
My 10, 11, 3, 12, is a number.
My 19, 14, 6, 15, 9, is a number.
My 16, 11, 6, 10, 9, 13, is a county in Indiana.
My 12, 7, 5, 14, 9, 3, is what many worship.
My 18, 5, 7, 1, 4, 11, 6, 18, is used by tailors.
My 3, 9, 9, 10, is a kind of meat.
My 8, 7, 12, 5, 14, is a kind of wood.
My 10, 17, 10, 16, 7, 1, 14, is what some people are.
My 18, 14, 11, 17, 13, 4, is what the hunter does.
My whole is what every man should do.

Bloomington, Indiana. W. W. H.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a useful vehicle,
That is always seen near a mart;
To tell its name your mind it may bother,
For it's neither chaise, carriage nor cart.

My second's a kind of habitation,
About it little more need be said,
Excepting this slight explanation,—
That it's neither house, hovel or shed.

It will not take long to guess my third,
If at guessing you're anyway clever;
In speech and meaning it is a word
Much like attempt or endeavor.

My whole is a profession or trade,
But it's neither tailor nor tinker;
To guess its name, if an effort is made,
Will take few thoughts from a thinker.

Pequea, Lancaster Co., Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The clergy say they love me well,
Whether they do they best can tell,
They paint me modest, friendly, wise,
And always praise me to the skies;
But man's deceived by outward show,
It is a plain homespun you know;
The fraud prevails at every age,
So says the school boy and the sage;
Yet still we hug the dear deceit,
And still exclaim against the cheat;
Then shall the learned tongue prevail,
If actions preach a different tale;
But if my whole you do possess,
It comforts you when in distress,
And if kind Heaven such comfort brings,
It's more than Heaven bestows on kings.

Naples, Scott Co., Ill. S. J. SIMMONS.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A merchant paid $196,83 for some calico. He paid as many cents a yard as there were yards in each piece, and there were as many pieces as there were yards in one piece; how many yards were there, and what was the price per yard? J. W. HATCHER.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What must be the diameter of a sphere of gold, that it may weigh 12 lbs., 1 oz., 16 pwts., 16 grs. more than a sphere of silver of the same size?

Shorysburg, Allegheny Co., Pa. T. L. M.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When is a lover like a tailor? Ans.—When he presses his suit.

☞ What part of a play do drinking men like the best? Ans.—The finale (*fine ale*), to be sure.

☞ Why is a sheet of postage stamps like distant relations? Ans.—Because they are but slightly connected.

☞ Why are people who sit on free seats not likely to derive much benefit from going to church? Ans.—Because they get good for nothing.

☞ What comes next to an oyster? Ans.—The shell. (*A hard case*, that!)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

CHARADE—Innocent (Inn-O-cent). DOUBLE REBUS—Tennessee, Nashville. MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM—The curves are called *curves* of pursuit. The pigeon flew at the rate of 50 miles an hour; it had flown 420 miles when it was caught. The hawk had flown 504 miles, and the eagle 588 miles.